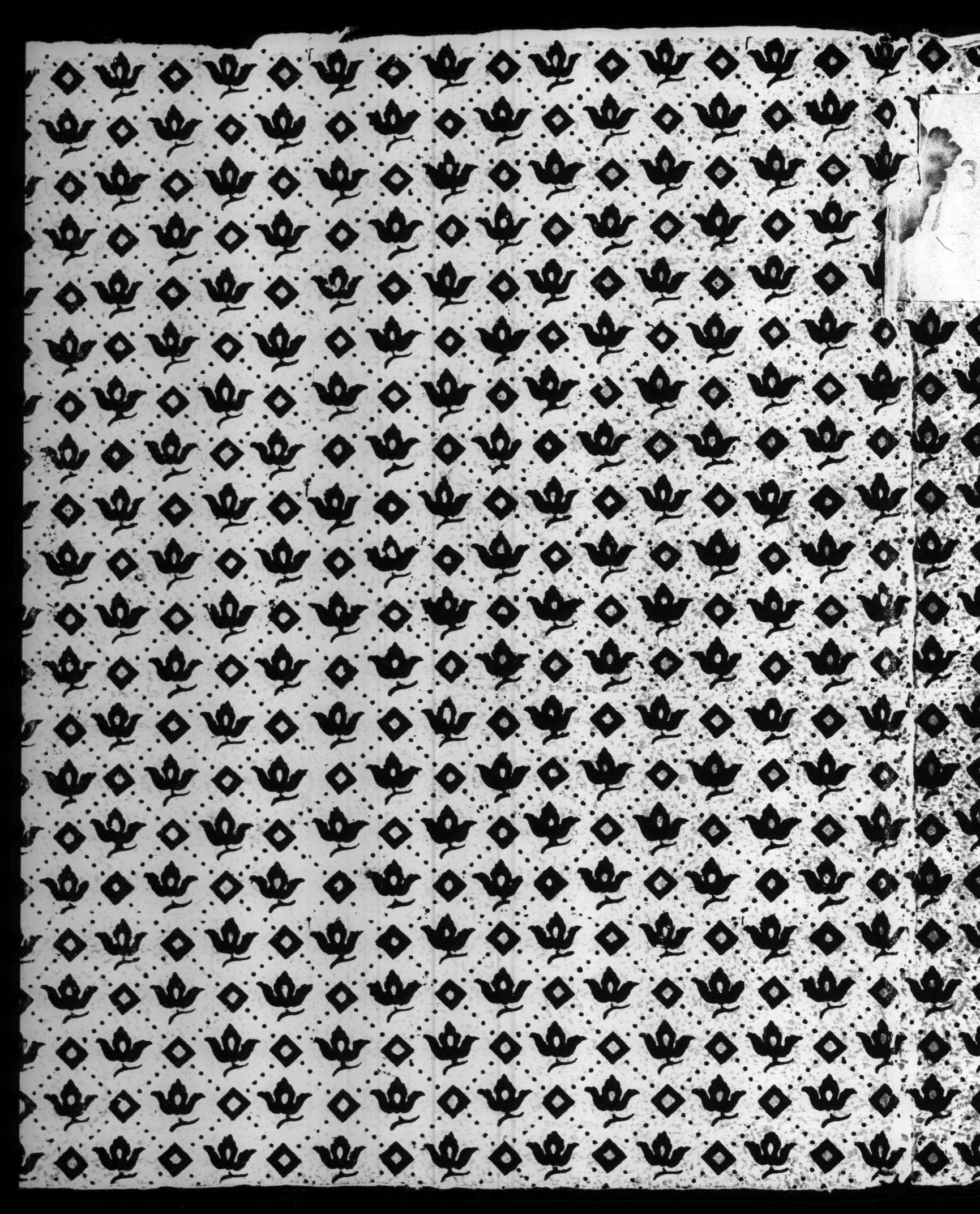
1938



1938

1938

Sunday
January
~~8th~~ 9th

Yes: I will force myself to begin this cursed year.
For one thing I have 'finished' the last Chapter of Three Guineas. & for the first time since I don't know when have stopped writing in the middle of the morning: How am I to describe 'anxiety?' I've battened it down under this incessant writing, thinking, about 3 G— as I did in the summer after Julian's death. Ray has just been, & says there is still a trace of blood: if this continues, I will have to go next week to a nursing home & be examined. Probably it's the prostate. This may mean an operation. We shall know nothing till Tuesday. What use is there in analysing the feelings of the past 3 weeks? He was suddenly worse at Rodmell; we came up on Wednesday: — the 28th or thereabouts; since when it's been a perpetual strain of waiting for the telephone to ring. what does the analysis mean to me? He went to the hospital to be x rayed: has been, is still in bed. There is a time in which feelings become habitual, dulled: but only laid under a very thin cover. I walk; work. & soon. Nessa & Angelica & Duncan all at tea, which shuts off that relief, but why should he have ben loved so? Stephen, they come back in a fortnight's time. A dead Harry Stephen, Judith, Thoby our only visitors. A dead season— No one rings up. Fine today. And the resulting weather this year is to make me see how essential it is to keep myself in work; to walk to 3 Fitzroy again. Then the time passes. Waiting thro it flags.

NYPL

Tuesday
Jan, 11th

Rung up last night: Specimen completely normal.
To the claws ulcer for the moment.
Vear: an ode to Whitaker. ½ both in rhymed prose.
Meamen lecture in USA: —

Saturday
Jan 15

In the 5 minutes left me before starting for Mtl. I
cant describe the relief of hearing at 8 on
Wednesday: Specimen perfectly normal- Jim can go away -
that where we are at the moment by a twit -
Wendy January. Reflections, Explanations can wait.
And I've just taken the last page of the last Journal
to Chancery Lane, to deserve one days peace.

Tuesday
Feb. 1st

Now can I begin anew again now. Mtl hardly released:
that the more so when the 4 weeks test is
over yet week- But influenza since last Monday
has downed me. And 3 ½ s. A week at
Mtl. hard at work. Vena Azygos back. Lumi
at Charlotte. wet, but open fields at last.
20 hours: then temperature: bed: complete
rehearsal, and then rest. Now down for
final corrections. 3 ½ to be thrown up to
2 tongues. And I feel quite confident and in
way, only frustrated because it cant now come
out like mad may. I must remain
dumb under the shadow of the flan -
New Years Resolutions better disappointment
than them. Never mind. Can make it
more compact & the rich thicker, sharper
in the time added. This is only a year 9
my pen - the usual treat. Now for Dora.

MYPL

Monday
Feb: 3rd

Tomorrow is Julian's birthday: his 30th I suppose. And I've been reading what Charles has to say of him. Nobleness his regnant mark: a naturalness. That's true too. A constant lack of self-consciousness: a directness won further by our floundering: & yet — when he had gained the shore world he had to make his choice. Had to be killed in Spain — an odd comment upon his Education & our teaching. I don't think Charles, who has many very pleasant bees in his bonnet, sticks to the bottom of the crisis, but then my vision — how Julian wanted a profession — his innate desire for self abnegation, to be a figure, perhaps that's tinged by some obfuscation of my own. Judith brought a Leslie Humphries to tea the other day — I still in my dressing gown after my first walk. A very nice couple. They're free too; but more balanced I think. Anyhow I spurted my ideas for a new society at Newnham to Judith: who at once enlarged them to conversazioni dinners in private rooms with a subject for discussion — say Hazlitt for whom she has a passion. This is putting flesh & blood on the ideas in 3 pp. a week which I is now reading one always has to allow for the extreme diminution of force: the effort on a second page is so much greater than one expected. My nature recurs to him mild. But the final verdict has not yet been given. I have now to do the notes. A long letter from Philip: the Press happens practically through: John over Pantin: his first interview with Mrs Large yesterday: the Ceals today; Nena afterwards.

Monk's Horton: 9th June day.

Friday 4th Feb.

A ten minutes spin here - & I stand by approves 3 §.
Marks a extremely clear analysis. On the whole I'm content.
One can't expect emotion, for as he says, its not on a par with the
words. Yet I think it may have more structural value. But I'm
at much more indifferent, that's true: feel as a good piece of
donkeywork, & don't think it affects me either way as the
work do. Dared (sent to tea - & then step & me:
like the stalk on blue bell. Said he began, at 36,
to feel stale. Therefore accepts Clark lectureship, in Hardy,
& would like a Rovertry at Wadham. A dried
analytic mind. Not much room or vent in them. No
juice: interesting as a type: & until Nemi he never
came in a were judicial - the very act almost
stern - I exposed my intimacy. Again, what is
Desmond, who is he, whom all our brains adore,
so melancholic & superficial? The façade. Could
he have broken it, would he have written better?
Old Masterpiece. Now to Rodwell.

Monday 7th (Mother's birthday) where we had after a perfect
weekend, dark, brisk spring: crocuses in the garden:
bird rapturous. Off to dine; Hubbard took L
advice about divorce. That done stepping Redman
Dayster has made her hope Herb to be slain. & read
the first romance in Doris Thompson. Oh the lives
of the poor! But (save for a twinge at the
immense of the damp, & thinking of Nemi) I was
very happy: relieved of my book; & forming ideas on
I watched over the dawn. for instance: an
Marshall must to be called the Outsider: an
Outsider often tune about The Thorn Shrivelled Mom
Fume the other dorons, through which
In the bungalow: stylised burlesque. A good
idea. But I must do the notes to 3 §
Nemi, D. & A - during here. first.

NYPL

10 th March

Returned Greyhurst? What nonsense. Here am I working
hours a day to finish off these notes, these proofs, & I've
severely warned by L. Woolf that unless I send off both
in 6 days from this very Thursday we must postpone till
the autumn. But I've done my due today; & have
heard nothing here for so long: nothing about the Res:
how 10 days ago I signed my right away to Who:
how the last week has been June weather: & then all the
people: & yesterday I went to Burwash Fields Burial
Ground: & was met there, & at the 3 letters:
Hugh. Saint Denis. I don't think I can add at this
moment; & shall owl round the corner to try a
surreptitious packet of cigarettes. The new Radio
came yesterday. We dine alone, shall try it.
Bobo came to tea: a yellow parcah dog. still
amorous. Flinching from the name of Cline.
Reading scraps only: shall I ever force myself to this
hard task again — & again? Yet no women in
one idea fledged, then another. Cackles. Morgan
was me he wrote 11 letters daily. And I now.
Maynard & Lydia in residence. Two steps up into the
Great new room. M. Clumbent, but with a
touch of class. Bentham the origin of Evil.
Lydia like a peasant woman, wringing her hands,
on a stool. Oh why was I born in this age?
This a terrible age. The refers to the Pentham.
Mystical, which reflect the medoh age. A
real & genuine emotion: & what to be done.
Dare I keep pegging round this little plot?

Saturday
March
12 th

Hitler has invaded Austria: that is at 10 last night his army crossed the frontier, unresisted. The Austrian national anthem was heard on the wireless for the last time. We got a snatch of Dance music from Vienna. The fact, which combines with the Russian trials, like drops of dirty water running, into my morning: a pernicketyness that colours the strength the ray emitted from Vienna can therefore be judged. Privately I'm, as usual at the proof stage, bored with the book which was like a spine to me all last summer: upheld me in the horror of last August; a wheeled me like a top miles upon miles over the downs. Now can it all have petered out into dilluted drivel? But it remains, morally, a spine: the thing I wished to say, though futile. Three USA papers have rejected it: but the Atlantic will pay £120 for 12,000 words. The cable came when Morgan was here - blown in like thistledown - a very round a bohemenon down he is now: but with a breeze behind him: he like, I think, a very naturally, the praise which now comes from the young. And do I grudge it that he should be the best living novelist? He handed me a cutting, about Roses book, in which he is then dalulled. And so, jealous as I am, rather mean always about contemporaries, I got my dejection, to turn into the dirty drop. He had been staying with Charles Trevelyan. had his

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novelist bag Jub y mail adds & the ends here collected:
Charles a fine coat: dukes he dayuks pets: thyse dick antic
Carpet: Lady T.s. tapestry: the face & shield of the ancestral
Knight hollow; Macaulays books: all noted with a
view to the whole, much as I do. Then Rou, as
usual rang up. Do you like my book? Haven't yet
read it. Well I do wonder what people will
make of it. Reverently I know they dont take
much stock of it. But this remind me that our
last Lunch & Virginia Dearon is perhaps our most brilliant:
all the weeklies Mark might out Sherwood, Upward, &
Even Libby Benedict for the highest places. Yes:
if there is mean in the word, the Hogarth Rev
has Simpson won what Jucan she could. And
money then gan will fairly throw us under.
£4,000 about from the Yan: then Pepita &c &c.
In fact we have asked Mr. Woolf to estimate for
a library at Mott: no sports of Hitler. But
its all a blur — my tennys - in the air. Do wledify
them I bought 2 pairs of American shoes, with rubber
soles. Yesterday: item: a paper holder, for now holding
my great note books: item: a chair & negotiated
the exchange of my embroidered table —
the delight of money; buying freely. Yet, puritanically
I spend next to nothing on them. Mabel's
Leyburn dates Copies very cheaply. The delight of
spending is to say I want this & buy it outright.
Especially small articles of furniture & stationary.
Perhaps in a fortnight I shall start Roger.

NYPL

22nd March.

The public mood very notably wounded the private at Mtt. last week end. Almost was: almost expected to hear it announced. And England, as they say, humiliated. And the man in another exalted. Suicides. Reporters turned back from Newhaven. Aeroplane drones over the town. I upto his eyes in the usual hectic negotiations. The Labour Party hemming & hawing. And I looked at Dreadnought & thought they'll take you. And then, just as in private crises, a sudden lull. The tension relaxes, whether really or only as we became no one can keep it up; again the Zoro case, the private English detectives come to the surface. And now like Jane - zero remain - bland sunny blue: work the thought of Julian Reid, somehow not possible; but I keep thinking why is he not here to see the Daffodils: the old beggar woman - the swans; — a certain thought: but one that comes to near the surface at Charleston, as we were all thinking. I might see him. I am drowsing away my last 20 minutes, having once more read to reach the last page. Now I must ward off the old depression: the book finished, what to be read, a void. So yesterday I went to Whitechapel; a chapel, a complete & Thoth Bradwell. Whitechapel; a chapel, a complete & France & Italy. Then Tom to dinner. At Stephens like scenes. Too much Roman Empire: simple scenes: the mother Judge. A money play: genuine: simple scenes: the mother given the release of poetry: the sun, where they meet Peace freedom an ardent. not an egoist end. He Gave me a copy. I want me to write an opinion I like him always: his large sensitive sincerity hellenic then the contorted nerve drawn brilliancy of the others. And a certain richness; but only about 50 people there. And I'm too eye dazzled to write more. Mrs Hepworth found the bookseller fined the proofs & Jg. Sacking.

BYPL

26th March
Saturday.

On Monday the galleys will go. So I can then precisely turn my mind off onto Frys. Highgate. the part. And this is a fact. And would have been accomplished yesterday were it not that Pippa comes to dinner, to lay more facts before us: a thigh bones allowed: hence faded yesterday: mind a warm a cold; so to bed, perversely, with Ann, who stayed till 8. A fine figure, athletic, hardheaded, emotional too I feel. Living at Brentwood Sept with Richard. On Monday they go to Corsica for a family jaunt together. Influenza has attacked Flossie & Clive. Dinners unfulfilled to J & I that. How dark I'm grown: what they call objective: at need a good brain to be objective. The crocus flute shaken over tablecloths, the voice of Keynes appealing to Li to have her mind made. The crisis has once more retired violently in motion. But the bull is barking us; not very profoundly though. When the tiger, & Hitler, has digested his dinner he will take up life again on Monday: by which I mean G. Bowen to tea, buy a new dress at Maggs, arrange an afternoon with Richard. Not let myself be submerged in Roger Quite so completely as in 3 Gp. But that submersal was a remedy; an anodyne. How could I have toiled along these last months without? As a soul I have drawn two many words from my well. I want to fish it from some good book. Mandeville The Bees. I think. No sooner do I say this than I am pelted with MS. Vast mercenaries novels, that are cant skimp. My insatiable appetite for reading with flutteringly as Roger. Then what? Oh my outsider paper: The T.L.S. is now a paper like another, not my paper. And some attempts at busy scenes. And the Odyssey. And a few days doing nothing between tea & dinner: the autumn is asking for a rise.

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But I have too much drudgery donkey work, now correcting proofs & indexing, to write, etc unnecessary: Rose & Jeremy Hutchinson dining tonight. And the nibs are wrong. And I detest my own new paralytic hand. Two pages of Roger written: then that cup dashed down by proofs. Then there'll be page proofs. walking in the City the great relief. Leather Lane & Neville Court – both new graves – & the cat with its stalk just – yesterday. Then Abel Smyth. Then K. Martin with his eternal article after dinner. Then MH & L P tomorrow. & it's not yet possible to dive into darkness. And I've just bought G. FitzGerald on Lewes, & may broach her. Very hot again. No letter again. Coleby snubbed Thorn. L. wanting his play – the one he's brewed these 10 years & more. Then is is only five weeks. Then account. John still abroad. He was in Vienna for the Hitler coup. Sheilah Grant Duff to come tonight. Oh & Jardeh. Ann about the play, with Richard, a monastic figure called Thaw.

Monday
April 11th

Anyhow, on April 1st) March, I started Roger: & wrote the help of his memoirs have covered the time till Clifton Mews. Still there is 20 pages not put down, & he hopes to have put off. And it's an immense relief to have this other drudgery to take it instantly into tide over the horrid anticlimax of 3 Gs. I didn't get so much praise from L as I hoped. He had to swallow the notes as a pulp Wrigh. And I realise I shall find the page proofs (due tomorrow) a chill bath of disillusionment. But I wanted – how violently – how persistently, piously compulsively wanted – to write this book: have a print compared fairly: & it's had read my say: take it or leave it: & I'm just as glad for such adventurers – at the age I'm 56. Last night) began making up again: Summers night. a complete whole: that's my idea. E Rowen to tea: Cat on my coloured cardboard but sterling a sharpener: Lennox Robinson (bright blue tweeds) asked: we had John on as now – John saddened & hammered by his Experiences at Kenyon & Exe.

still rung up, at inordinate length: I've time to change & write a letter
while they talk: it's about Swinnerton's news from my doomed
Europe. "If it weren't that I feel I must stay by the paper" —
Alec W. Robson is back: gave me the verbena & a kiss, with his
usual kind simplicity, made into a brooch: Earle is on a:
Belle at Charleston: had blue dry weather with a cold
wind. Margery & Innes tomorrow; Roger surrounds me; &
then to M.A. on Thursday, — that infernal bundle of proofs.
Am I right though in thinking that it has some importance —
3 pp — as a point of view: shows industry: flexibility; & is,
here & there as "well written" (considering the technical
problems - illustrations, arguments &c) as anything rather
Humble Thankful words! I think there's more to it than
to a Room: what, on reading, seems to me a little &
Egotistic, flaunting, sketchy: but has its brilliance - its
speed. I'm suspicious of the vulgarity of the ease: & a
certain insistence.

Wednesday
13th

But the proofs have not come; & there I have had a mitigated rebate. what
has been spent (am) reading R's letters; trying to decide what to have out
in the school fragment: a collection of the Clifton dossier. Now I
shall not be so liberal; but what am I to do? And) a letter
resent so much fact seeking. Also resent being lured by some
French scribbler that I can't appreciate; so to contradict him:
wish to be intelligent. would like to read 3 pp — as if I am
intelligent. & so on. A very fine clear day. A
spring without any parallel. So enduring: so
constantly unexpected this ~~we~~ year. Ah the trees
are now just out And no check. The hyacinths over.
& as Nell we shall get the full blast. ~~Jan~~
Summer time last Sunday. And today (Oh
these pews - I'm always throwing them away & hoping for a
better one) .. ~~that~~ we may go into town: to a
party at Hasan Lawrences. Why? God knows.
having rejected so many others. Probably as
Ren talking the year with least ache often: £2,500?

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Monday
April 26th

We had our Easter at MH: but as for the sun, it never shone; was colder than Christmas; a grudging land coloured grey; eager wind; winter clothes; frosts; much acute despair; cured however, by the aid of divine philosophy; a day in Dickens's Mandeville Bees (this really a great book: the very book I want) (has P rung up; to warn you: Have you had a letter from Pippa? Ottoline is dead. They loved her P. might die. The shock killed her: & he, asking you to write about her. (with her wicked, MW Murrell explores the attics for this new worm) We had to write; & the horrid utter pellet drowned my brain; leaves it jelly. Yet in theis & that here am I sketching out a new book; only dont clean improve that huge burden on me again, I implore. If it be random & tentative: something I can blow up money, to release myself & Pippa: dont, I implore, lay down a scheme; call on all the cosmic imagination: & I lose my fired & deliberate brain to embrace another whole – all parts contributing – not yet a whole. But to amuse myself, let me note: why not Poynetzet Hall: a centre: all lit. dry and melancholy with real life interjected living human: & as they shall become watery head; but "I" rejected: 'We' substituted: to whom at the end these shall be an invocation? "Ave"... the composed as may different days... we all life. all art, all it may: rings – a rambling capricious but somehow emptied whole – the present theis of my mind? And Sybil County: & a semi old house – a terrace where nurse maids walk – & people pass – & a perpetual variety & these few intensely & prose & fact – & note: & but find. I must read Pope: & go to Otts memorial service, representing also TS Eliot at his absurd command. 2.30 at Marlowes with Field.

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Ollerton's burial service. Oh dear, oh dear the lack of intensity: the
wearing & mumbly: the jumbling words together: the shuffling: the
vast brown mass of respectable old Derby Kensington backs. And
then the hymns: & the clergyman with a bar of medals across his
surplice: & the rays of blue windows: & a tiny kerchief pink
flicking from a cranny. What ah this had to do with Ollerton,
or our feeling? Save that the address was to the point:
a critical study, written wreamably by Philip & delivered,
very resonantly, by Mr. Straight the actor: a sober, &
scholar thesis, which made one almost think of a
human being. Except the reference to her beautiful voice
& could one think of that quiet nasal moan: however
that be was to the point in deflating mimentities.
Ps secretary buttonholed me, & told me to sit high up.
The pew was blocked by a vast furred lady who
said "I'm afraid I can't move" — & indeed seemed the
fact. So, I stationed myself rather behind: near
enough to see the very well set up back of P. in
his black coat; & his red Ram's head turned now & then
I fear, more emotion than I felt when he asked me,
I liked the address? & so slowly moved out into
the steps — past Jack, Mary, Hugh Moore, Molly, &:
Gerber having tears in her eyes: various household staff:
man then pronounced a pronounced ^ by Lady Oxford:
who was had a whipcord: upright: a little vacant in the eye,
in spite of make up which made Sabine. She said the
head expostulated with Ott. about the veil. Mere
affectation. But a wonderful woman. Tell me. Though
why did her friend quarrel with he? Paris - The vows
Exi Jeanie, Duncan volunteered at last. And so Major
signed to ask further: & modulated into story of
Leymond & Jowett, when I ventured her on her
Mene, of Ott. for the Times. ha not
obituary.

appeared worse) much regret. To to Nessa, where we recounted
the story: & yet I'm all trembling for a home I want so to. Odd
how the sense of loss takes this quite private form: someone
who won't read what I write. To Memorialize in Tower Street.
an intimacy checked abolished. Walked to Dulwich yesterday
& lost my brooch by way of a freshness when corporated
with the final proofs. Just to day (April 28th) done: & to be
sent this afternoon: a book I shall never look at again.
But I now feel extremely free. Why? Have committed
myself. am afraid of nothing. Can do anything I like. no longer
famous, no longer on a pedestal: no longer hawked in
by forestes: among ourselves, for ever. That my fancy: a
sense of expansion, like putting a stopper. Why this shudder,
why I feel myself unbranched tick dark, & yet & all
humbug, when I daresay its not a good book, with
Egotistical & W. is — why why I cant analyse: being
flattered this morning. Lady Simon this afternoon. well
I've done my bit for that cause, & cant be bullied.
And then, when they badger me, I can say. Refer to 3 Js..
Rain & dark. a lost dog in the Square; political
talk. Income tax up to 5/6. our carriage prodigious.
Income last year about £6,000. John much improved.
Res worth £10,000. all this sprung from that
type on the drawing room table at the ash House
20 years ago. I can now give all my mind to Roger: also
blow a few private bubbles of my own: & dont
want publication day or any expectations. & shall
feel to get this book completely. Yet I never wrote
a book with greater fervour: under such a lash of
Compulsion. And it stood me in good stead.
Now America wants Common Reader articles (Pagani
republishes in the autumn) will pay £50: a whole
I think? Walt Whitman: Walpole Letter: a whole
Eltborne. 3 Js. has won me the right to go back
to that world: no doubt a more 'real' world: but
deterred by trouble for 4 years.

YPL

the difficulty is that I get so absorbed in this fantastic Poesby Hall I can't
attend to Roger. Do what am I to do? This however is only my
first day of freedom: I have been rendered self-conscious by a
notice of J. G. on the front page of the new bloated T.L.S.
which it can't be helped: I must cling to my 'freedom' — that
mysterious hand that was reached out to me about 4 years ago.
Meanwhile, Lady Ilmon came to tea, & of course
I took forward to my Cadegatron at their expense — for I
must not with her; a very nice old & the dark domed but
deceive woman, with whom I'm on impersonal good terms.
Yet she alluded feelingly to my daughter, the most gifted of my children
who died. And oh she went in chocolate brown for a
piece to investigate Elementary schools in Suffolk.
A fine day for me. Dog bore in square. L— I have one
week's treat this afternoon I'm in a dazed state,
hovering between 2 worlds like a Peden rock with nothing to
attach the strings to. Why not write about Scotts Diaries,
& so bring in the immortal novels? They came out. in
Oct. printed in early editions, omitted by mistake. They say,
first Author from the year. The makes about 3,000
from them. Can therefore buy a chair? & 2 dresses?
Oh how odd I see the blue sky at the top of the
Skylight again!

3rd May

Pouring now: the drought broken: the worst spring on record; my
hens discard, even the new boy: my eyes ache with Roger. I'm
a little appalled at the prospect of the grind this book will be.
I must somehow shorten & loosen: I can't (remember)
stretch on to long painstaking literal work: take I must
generalize & lightly. But then, what about all the
cellos? How can one cut loose from facts, when

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there they are, contradicting my theories? A problem. But I'm convinced I can't, physically, strain after an RA portrait.
What was I going to say with this departure nib? Oh yes. L.
to ask me what I think Lytton Strachey looks like? I guess
fat. Jewish - this how, Jewish. I think I suspect over
first breach with John. Will he own his fashion complex.
He must be in the movement. Want to reject the
Kabbalah (a powerful Arnold Bennett novel) because it's
old fashioned. And what line am I to take about a
young/an new writer: when I don't mean to be a
reactionary to that gang of elderly novelists? There are
our problems. Mrs Nicholls also a problem.
A flashy underworld flibbertigibbet on the surface:
daughter of Hastings dr: has a child: the child has tonsils.
Mrs N. very "naïve": has kept underworld company.
Large has wandered off; goose like: into what
time of life we don't know. I have my few letters.
And we take our seats on Friday now, I went to St Albans,
in the grey Cloyzard: raw Roman pavements, guarded by
men in overcoats, attending upon imbecile sons.
Had tea., heard the local ladies discuss the Emperor
Day of celebration, which are to include a red shirt - blue
Cake decorated with flags. What with the rayon 3s?
But I'm philosophic, fundamentally: a fool, as I've said,
oddly justified at last. A Row in the papers about
Wyndham Lewis rejected portrait by Tom: a Tom
has to be represented at the funeral. Clive at
Charleston - Sunday evening alone with Nina: oh dear —
that depression my despair: Julian not there, Quentin
the wound bleeding: & nothing to be said. So I will
buy a chair that rocks, in order to keep moving.

MYPL

Sunday
May 9th

Then is awful to have fill up the usual detached ideas of
Monday's broken morning – drove up in the clear keen morning
light: Jan out wonderously: Cutsmann all chipped of the
bitter spring: but park in the may, a various fine shade of
gold red & bluebell blue on the tree all the same.
Found here that Richard Cantleme (& to A's relief
this evening (she had a triumph, dancing: Steven was
mentioned in the Times): also Miss Phyllis
Bentley's lecture on me: shall I tell her of the true about
Mr Jean for example? then Tom in Portugal: then
Mary Hutch. whom I met in a shoe shop: then
Morgan asks some literary help about a quotation in a
pageant. Then I ring up Sally, mercifully secure
her for tomorrow: find Mabel has moved the
drawing room chair here – oh what comfort) now retire
after 10 pm moderate dejeuner: but her chair.
has long promised chair has struck. A rather
patchy weekend: bellerbold. I didn't come: I had no
Good nonsense book: 'Jolly in the head: Cont Lebbes
letter to my Play (Pouch Hole is to become in the
send a play) a to Rgen Cambridge letter.
we want a holiday: have to dribble along rather
Indeed, a fugue adds, had to keep moving. However
until June 9th or so, when we scrape.
on Sunday, we walked, rather slowly to see my head
from Tarring Neville toward Buckpasture, along the long
down road made by Pleistocene carts: a half the
down was blue purple with some grass: a then the
Gone blazing dilly. nutty. hares racing: home to
book & the silly clever metabrin – oh how the
makes me detest my own writing – May Tarbox
book this refers to. unpanmalically. A rolled
week ahead: Better back: lunch Clare: to Philip
to choose a ring & Sweetnames: 2 play & etc &
God damn it. Tabards at Reg. L- rather a bore
about that. Now lunch.

BYPL

Thursday
May 12th

Lunch Clive (Chelsea. unspeakably rampant: hard. unpleasantly)
to Phelps after tea. Much hand work Mrs Millie Two
interesting things: that Ott. confided everything in M. whom she
how had all Mr. life: the other the vast importance
She attached to her Memoirs. To be saved in a fire
before anything. They were her justification: the proof to
Lundy I suppose after world that Ott was not what they
thought. Late in the after noon with P: kindly,
& warm. simple. some utter nerve: touched hands over
the ring. He pressed hers in mine. I felt rather uncomfortable:
a vulture feeling: didn't want to take so much. But took his
big green ring. pearl fancy. shawl Jan. A kind of
rebuke & laughed strongly "don't walk out my Otholine.
But that's not the whole. P. has been left out of it all
as he said. O. when dying last summer. suddenly named
Hallett, a vulgar little pleasant, P type, fat, fair,
Eyelashes with Bob - G Hardy & Hope. I advised P to
write a solid memoir about Her work. but not to add
a chapter? We had all the great boy with all the
Orange bound books the red & blue in a knot — all
Jack. What's to be done? And then the great bed spread?
Julian despises the old ceremony shop side of O.
won't look at these things. O. not a good mother. didn't
want children. P. rather battered — simple. cheerful, with a
vast black satin cravat. Had a bad heart, from a
old touring team. The medical students all an ordinary
wife said "do you want the Duke?" "Yes. well
any book with Kelly. How old? 67. Yes. "The
won't be 65 & yet you have like a potato. The
beat into tears, which she seldom did. Then he
recovered. the paralysed — some nerve
affection. Then told her the doctor. nerves
sick all night; recovered; & suddenly died with
early morning. He had written Hope a letter of
farewell to the Duke as if expecting this. drawing room littered
& unkempt. A lonely black egg there. Every; Domes &
Chimneys very pure. Marys walking home with my
Green shagreen bag the shawl also Jan
or Cant tells.

BYPL

Tuesday
May 17th

I'm pleased this morning because Lady Rhondda writes that the
is profoundly excited & moved by 3&P." Theo Bozanquet who
has a review copy read her extracts. And the thanks it may have
a great effect, & began her my fateful Intrieder. A good
omen; because this shower that certain people wish to be
showered; with thanks; with dreams: it won't altogether be
frittered away. Of course by R. is already partly on my
side; but again as this highly patriotic & Citizen like
she might have been roused to object. It's in the cards
that it will make more splash among the ink pots
than I thought - feeling very dim & cold these last
weeks, & indifferent too: & observer of the great
Excitement & intensity with which (certainly) I wrote.
But on the whole of Europe may be in flames —
it's in the cards. One more shot at a policeman, & the
German Czechs, Czech will begin the old horror. The
2nd of August may come next week. At the moment
there is a lull. L. says K. Manheim says we say
(The P.M) that we will fight this time. Hitler
therefore is chewing his lobes bubbling moustache.
But the whole thing trembles: & my back may be the
a mob dancing over a tomfore — consumed in less than
one second. Morgan rang up yesterday about
Rosamond's great meeting for women to protest against
Spain, for us - She has hired the Queen's Hall. But
hasn't asked us - what is he looks? Thinks it
foolish - So I let fly a few, guarded hints
as to my own attitude - we must attack Hitler in
Spain - "That's what I'm always saying" he said "But
how?" "Oh I'm in touch with Pippa & Newnham ..."
He seemed to sympathize. Anyhow he must speak at
Q.H. & send a message. New further Flower Show:
Dinner at the Hutch. What am I to wear?
Aeroplanes growly overhead in the cloudy blue sky.
They look like sharks. seen high on wings
window. No rain. no sun
Yes - dried up.

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Wednesday
May 18th

Too tired after a dreary dinner at the Hutchinsons to write - so let me
Ursula - Ka is dead. I must stay in this Chronicle
Tuesday before going to the flower show. No flowers, no
money - why did she die? And what do I feel?
Oh that one could put more for the deaths one's friends!
But it comes - Jane, Tuesday. Always at last what - Ka
lying drawn a white sheet over her sharp nancy. And with pretending, never letting
Julia squeezed me - all her thought would be for her. Her
passion for the boy - that she had left him, unknowing
what he was to become. unable to go on educating
protecting planning for Mark. Remember Jane there
are Jenny mowing when he was asleep in the
perambulator at the door. And she came hurrying
out agitated lest we should wake him. Her own
Edenic life ended when Robert died. So I think.
Ask that she was acting a part very carefully &
deliberately chosen. Maternity, will, public life.
How she had seen me mad. She used to come to
her own pleasure to tend me & help L. I
Cheham, to Holford: Condescending; patronising, Jenny up
don't think I was ever at my ease with her. Yet we
had an old affection; they remembered boys - Rupert &
that we never spoke of. We had that irritating
Quack Quack in her voice; an effort must be
impressing me with her surgeon, her social
Wandering given among the county families; her
responsibilities: how she was a J.P. at some
Education Cttee; driving at real boys with
important real people, while we fluttered our
time away waiting boots in London. The

NYPL

protected too much - a lack of demarcation I suppose - with
both? She had to transform him into some thing
noble, unconventional, brilliant, fond; from the
material which was none of those things really.
But she liked Cornwall; worked I. She liked the
new that hung the back on to — the promontory all
silver & blue — the lovely moor — the badger & the
foxes barking round the house, & the long drives
over Zennor moor: even the gipsy woman in her tent:
I daresay alone she was happier than she ever got
paid. In her home — a singularly ugly house in some
ways — with a kind of formality & no luxuriance —
she was too much the hostess who keeps open house.
But at the same time that was her role: to help; to
lift Came dogs; to entertain; to arrange; manage;
receive confidences. And what was wrong with all
that? Only that after Rupert's death she was always a
part. Yet this is superficial. For there was a
fineness in her; a stable goodness; a tenderness
under the assumption — Children, the wd. say &
Bryan I called her, at the Vienna Café one
day with Rupert — Bryan soaring her way —
patience; a determination to over her way —
with a heaven tail - a short clumsy paw.
He liked the image. It conveyed her thickness,
breadth: She was very broad cheeked; & her face
was long drawn out. In spite of her clumsiness -
Wardman she was very pale. She had
stained & wrinkled last time we stayed there.
She wore 2 or 3 good Rings we cameos with
head on them. She chose bright pure colours for
her clothes: wore a coloured handkerchief
round her hair; she stuck straws a
silver pin: an individual looking woman;
dressed plainly from a John painting; but

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also practically equipped for her Car Survey, committees;
her endless meetings in Truro: the book he plans
very capably on the Bench: had a great tenderness -
Capacity & some humour, only interfered by little
acidity. Now I come to think of it, she had
managed her life with great Competence: there was her
Cottage at Aldbourne; her ability to make Excursions,
take Charge of situations, bear her way courageously
where she wished. I wonder, did she know she was
dying? & what led her think of it all? And why?
As usual, I regret: that she sent me Cream at Christmas,
& in the flurry of Illness I never wrote -
thanked: that she suffered Comfy, & absorbed in
Xena last autumn. I did not aware it. But
this is always so: Can't be helped. And I am
thinking of her with affection - old Ka. The
deep silence between us was threaded with something
that could vibrate & live: chiefly with Hugh the Eye
at the moment. I can imagine a hay making
& goodbye Chelsea & dear Bertha - Old Kais all right...
But And Mark?

Thursday 26th May

Ka had a seizure & died without regaining consciousness - This is
from a typed letter sent by Chris AF this morning. The is
buried today - rainy & dark: & I shall not get the
service - back in Canada.
My usual 5 minutes in order - The P H mood used up.
Reps at Cambridge difficult ones - 3 weeks before
Scotland, & rather anxious (Hope its true I'm
more indifferent than ever before) leaving then 3
Coming out weeks - Meanwhile we shall be away
mostly - And I shall to finish Still in the time.
fiercely by foreign reps to do a Horace Walpole
Sketch for America - Whew! It means
close reading; & lots matter; & just time to do it.
I cant broach another R. Charles - but
tired & hurt.

NYPL

May 20th

Time - again I have meant to write down my
Expectations, Hopes, etc on, awaiting the publication on
— 7 th or June 2 w — of 3 Gs - but haven't, because
what with living in the wild world of Roger, then
(again this morning) in the awful world of Poynter & Stall
I feel extremely ill-able. And don't want to grow
fatty. What I'm afraid is the fatuous Cham-
pagnism. The book I wrote with such violent fatty
& ecstasy that immense pressure will not
dimple the surface. That is my fear. Also I'm
uneasy at taking this role in the public eye —
afraid of an autobiography in public. But the
fears are entirely outbalanced (this is honest) by
the immense relief - peace I have gained, -
enjoying this moment. Now I am quit of that poison-
ful attachment. Now is that ok. Fa having what it
our, my mind is made up. I need never recur or
repeat. I am an outrider. I can take my way:
experiment with my own imagination in my own
way. The pack may howl; but shall
never catch me. And even if the pack —
reviewers, friends, enemies — pay me no
attention or sneers, still I'm free. This is the
actual result of that spiritual conversion (I can't
bother to get the right words) in the autumn of
1933 - or 4 — when I walked North London,
buying, I remember, a sheaf of gladioli, a great magnificent flam,
from sheer ecstasy, near Bladon Square: when I
Gave the man who played the harp half a
Crown for talking to me about his life in the
Tube Station. The omens are mixed: I. is less
excited than I hoped: Nessa highly ambiguous:
Miss Hepworth, Mrs Nicholls very "women are a
great deal to Mrs. Woolf" — I have promised
Pethers to nobly books. Now for B's letter
Monk's H - at the moment
windy - cold.

TYPE

Friday
27th May.

It odd to be working at half-pock again at these months of high pressure. The result is half an hour every day to write here. Roger I'm retyping: I shall then sketch Walpole. Then just been signing in bright green ink these circulars. But I work not exhaust on the Recreation & doing things one ought to do. A letter, fateful, from Bruce Richmond ending my 30 years connection with him - the last days. How pleased I used to be when Li called me "Jane wanted by the Major Journal!"; I ran down to the telephone to take my almost weekly orders at Hyde Home! I learnt a lot of my craft waiting for him: how to compress; how to enliven: & also was made to read with a pen & note book, accurately. I am now waiting for today week - when that's over, my work with subside. And Can I prophesy? On the whole I shall get more pain than pleasure; I shall mind the queer more than I shall enjoy by Rhondda enthusiasm. There'll be many mean- some very angry letter. Some silences. And then - 3 weeks Sunday - we shall be off. And by July 7th when we come back - a rower, for we dread two many hotels - it will be over, almost entirely: a thin for 2 years I think I shall publish nothing, save American articles. And this week of waiting in the worst, & its not very bad - nothing in the least comparable to the horror of the years: (that deadend into indifference so we were a failure). In sales, I am not very hideous; 6 thousand I daresay: the stocks are tepid. Today I'm had in a corner by a persistent Miss Ned Nielsen, my Enemy round. Li went to her Jewry this morning, only to be told "Jane will be pleased to hear that Jan is discharged." So that's over.

YPL

May
28th

a mourning mat day as dark as November. May—has Mercy has
been blotted from the Calendar. Here my own daily
Cantos: which will take the form I suppose of a temperature Chart.
The Baggs is hegemony, though the latter sadly early emerges from its
shell next Thursday— Mrs Lyed in Hanover Square sneers,
says I preach nothing still on a sofa; a Mrs Orlebar—or some
such name writes to thank a priori— my grand work— as re-
flective first removes always give the shape of what to come:
I can foretell that those who dislike will sneer at me
for a well to do aesthete; a thaw who appears with echo
Orlando's "most exciting" profoundly moving. They
ask reviews a letter will ring changes on these notes;
now I have to send a copy to Pitha, with my heart
beating. after that—with heat to the tune of sneer
Catherianism, Catherian sneer. And I rather think I
shall sum it all up in 6 months in a Pamphlet,
& if my facts are Challenged set 29 M-S to refute.
The Caledonian market—in my new pinching
shoes fearfully. where I bought 6 lea Nevons o
some Heaven. Mrs Nielsen came; a danish tee
haunted American lit. prof: extremely distracted)
by Eastern, mid-Victorian mundane influence upon modern
L. threaded the the maze to the middle in the
Centre. I came up in the outskirts— Rather fearsome;
hair, a little like Christabel; a air mind
much more likeable than her letters. One can't
Dislike people in the flesh. But the reverse my
ready & walkable to wh— I now happily turn.
2. Lunching with Robertses.

MYPL

Monday
30th

Nena's birthday. - She 58th I think at most to. She is at Charleston
with A - & now that his time at Glynde is done. Oh dear -
Julian not there. And it rains hard. The rose she is glad to be
away. How would she have loved Glynde this intense last
summer! what torture .. so I thought, and walked to
Gough Square Gatsby, by way of freshener before the Robson
chelsea Tom at tea. A great spread: mostly eaten. The
little boy crammed his mouth with sweets, & added one
that Sally had already sucked. Tom can, most
unbecomingly; swallow back a grey silk tie, having
he explained to stop us to his evening service in town
to take round the plate - a churchwarden in South
Kensington. Very friendly; & elaborate dinner this
triumphal progress through Portugal as Brit. Rep. in some
place giving communion. And then he spoke at Salisbury in
George Herbert, in aid of the Cathedral, staying with the
Richmonds. I was amazed at the careful analysis he gave
Juliette - a very sympathetic Frog - no humbug - no clothes -
very decent to 30 people on cold wood seats on - of
her own plays factures, & of Rentoul's aesthetic momentary
reverberations, painfully cautionous in detail; with his
weld hazel eyes. But I meant to record the Chart:
Observer has a friendly forecast; says 3 yrs. is poster:
profound; in my Chapter's vein: so that brings in
another note - beauty. beautifully written & readily
argued. No word from Pitha - I says I may expect
some very angry reviews from men - I add. From
women too. Then there'll be the clergy. But
I think I can sit calm as a toad in an oak at the
Centre of the storm. And am tracing myself to inhabit
that centre. Read Greatly: Walpole: Johnson; &
dodge away at Roger. I groan myself - now that a
thing one can do. I am not forcing myself to buy a
new desk from Murray - a great victory for the shabby
Coby haunting V. Its true - people can't really
get at one."

NYPL

Thursday
May
~~2~~ 31st

A letter from Pippa. She is enthusiastic. So that is the last load off my mind – which weighed it rather heavy. for I felt – if I had written all that, it was not to her liking I should have to brace myself terribly severely in my own private stream. But she says it's the very thing for which they have panted: – the poison is now drawn. Now I can face the music, or Donkey boy, a fierce Cackle & the Reveries no doubt indifferently that (~~the~~ Archibald) I find myself forgetting that they'd all be out then with end. Never have I faced every day so composedly. Also I don't much mind my Cambridge friends letter. Maynard may have a fete: but what care I? And I shant read Chris to my family, & so they need n say nothing what the he medalled Woolves, with whom we dined last night, will say I don't know. but would find probably amusing. And the da Rostichelli. Hugh Compton Mackenzie. Guedalla, Norman Angell & who are meeting next week to declare their belief in Liberty – wch, they're not going to throw it here on the platform. – can hardly deny me the right they preach. So I expect a good deal of fun one way & another: some teasing as venerable Saints: some malendon, some digs at the Lynds & Squires: & with a fountain of effusion from the faithful. But by the Jun I shall enjoy: Hughs Elaborate defens & his creative zest for honours & Chgnes. The dinner last night was a revere middleclass patriarchal grind: T. B had been li Court "He looked the type of a beautiful man" We said – "in all his medals & cocked hat & Belle with her tiara, & no flowers – they wd. hav hidden the medals" & my long dinner. hard chairs & very forced cheery talk But we get off easily

Rodwell

Friday June 3rd.

This is the Coming out day of 3 Gs. And the Lit Supp has 2 columns & a leader: - the Referee a great blaze Ben Norman declares its war, & some such Caffirism And it makes so much less difference than any other Cackle on Coming out day that I've written Quietly at Poynty Hall; haven't even troubled to read R. Lynd, nor look at the Rep: nor read Skipts the Times article - Its time I have a leave of Quiet & rest I think but no wish to read reviews, or hear opinions. I wonder why this is? Because its a fact I want to Communicate rather than a proven? I daresay something of the kind. Mercifully we have 50 miles of felt between ourselves & the din. L has been battling to Mrs Ebbs about the School, - finally won her over by praising her new Cherry Coven, & they are. Then I found a snail snake running slowly on the hedge. but when L came, it was gone. Then Mrs Carter wired to ask us to dr & Macbeth at Glyndebourne. Refused This dreary, warm, dry & like a June day but with rain Tales. Oh it pleased me that the Lit Supp says I'm the most brilliant pamphleteer in England. Also that this book may mark an epoch & taken seriously. Also that the Listener says I am scrupulously fair, & punctiliously deny myself. Pigsty. But that about all.

Archie thinks the end of six years Flandering Heresy, much agony, some ecstasy: Cramping the Jean & 3 Gs together as one book - as indeed they are. And now I can be off again, as indeed I long to be. Oh to be private, alone, submerged. I talked to Nena about Julian on Wednesday. She can hardly speak. What matter compared with that? Yet I was always thinking of Julian when I wrote

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Sunday
June 5th

Then is the maddest childbirth I have ever had. Compare it with the Jean! I make known my desperate wish never bother my head. Yesterday I had to ride, a narrow London observation: today Observer: Selincourt: A terrible indictment. Sunday Times. N. Statesman, & Spectator. reserved for next week presumably.
If the temperature remains steady I foretell a heat may fallen on Tuesday night: some enormous & abusive. But I have already gained my point: I'm taken seriously. not dismissed as a charming prattler as I feared. The Times yesterday had a paragraph headed "Mrs. Asquith's Call to women". a renewed challenge that must be answered by all thinkers - a romantic idea that: prefaces the Let Jep. about: unknown before I think; & must be some serious intention behind it. A note of ecstasy from Christ has way steps.
Walked after tea across: bought Sunday cakes in Lewes - Charleston, Bunny's often today,
Yesterday the first hot summer day. People in rash & white skirts tripping about Lewes. At Eglyndeborne in full flower. Mrs Curtis asked us. Lee refused. windy today, but still June, - the sun still active - after supper 2 months' drought - damp. darkness. The ugliest spring on record.
So we were wise to have our holiday, high & dry. So rested now, & working fairly at P. H. that I don't want very much: to look at the sea hereafter. and be a whelp: we shall attempt Skye, for you don't now, we never shall - I say we are old.
I say we are rudely aged.

Saturday
June 11th

only 5 minutes to record the marvellous fact that the N.S. is out (& John Watling's product but a v. very well meaning) & now, save for the Sunday Time, the ink splash is over. & I can count it all the whole a good deal better than I expected. On the whole 3/5 is taken favourably: many high compliments; some sharp (prompted by Standard han-ha hackle up) but generally kind, rather surprised, & etc over— Of course can go to Scotland (on a holiday that I don't really need, but still a freshener before Ryer wont come amiss. No book ever died from me so secretly & woefully. Letter heyn from America, about the strain with Atlantic. Now, Jane Pippa Ray & an anonymity helped one from Judith, who likes it very much but thinks the end feeble. No thanks: no enthusiasm from the young for whom I toiled. But that as I expected, as it should be. Ray & Pippa are the prime relish. Neither Joan Fenel, a vita. Sales began slowly; but today, Saturday, 300 sold. I think 10,000 will be off. And it has the crest of the wave. Tom Driberg pleased to a degree & lambasts: walking in procession with the other bigwigs: Trinity feast; Tattoo; honours List— & anyone read it, the illustration is part to hand. Just & all this, I've written an article on Walpole, very fast pce, for America. walked several good walks. Weather much recovered, short sharp. Mrs Elbo put the school meeting off. We go up this evening after tea. Bowls. Bells. & the garden being planted by L. with some little help from me. And I must go into Cold mutton.

16th June Thursday. Baldock. Stop to light a pipe on the Icknield Way a scrubby street of yellow villsas Now St ames eeping. After Croyalnd. a magnificent moulded Church. Now very hot. flat; an old gent. fishing. Sgread out and exposed. River above road level. On now to gainsborough. Lunch at eterborough factpry chimneys. Railway gate opened; off again. ainsborough. A red venetian alace rising among bungalows; in a square of unkempt grass . Long windows, leaning walls. A maze of little lanes. A strange forgotten town, Thxxxdaxx Sunday at ousesteads. Thorn trees sheep The wall and whi e headed boys in front. Miles and m les of lavender campagna. One thread coloured frail road crossing the vast uncultivated lonely land. Today all cloud and blue and wind. The wall is a wave with a sharp crest, as of a wave drawn up to break. Then flat. Bogs under the crest. aiting now for the rain to stop. or it blew and rained that day on the wall. Now a few mile from orbrdige waiting in the middle of the moor. Very black. Larks singing. Lunch deferred. A party of ninety lunching at the nn at Piercebr dhe. A sense of local life i8th century inn diners to celebrate some sport. So on to a anse in a garden;
a very solid private house that takes in residents. ot ham, and fruit. but real cream. looking over an ugly range. The country early today was
fen ash country. Then the ennines. hese are shrouded in a heat mist. Larks singing. L. now looking for water for ally. (but this should precede the wall) Sunday. Sitting by the road under the Roman wall while L. cleans sparking plugs. And have been reading translations of greek verse, and thinking idly. When on reads the midn is like an aeroplane propeller invisibly quick and unconscious --a state seldom achieved. Not a bad Oxford introduction, trying to be in touch, up to date. scholarly but xford. ows oving to the top of the hill by some s multaneous sympathy. One draws the others Wind rocks the car. too wind to climb up and look at the lake. eason why the hills are still oman-- the landscape immortal.. what they saw see. ye wind, the une wind, the water, and snow. heep bedded in the long truf like earls. No shade, no shelter. Romans lookin over the border. Now nothing comes. Also I'm thinkin with an occasional rasp of Vita letter--'misleading' could beat me down with fisticuffs. Well, let her. But none of this very s rious. All the wild white flowers alon the grass border in violent agitation. any buried camp.s rass still takes their shape. Why dig up' Not think an impress ve reconstruction of the past-- too like the foundations of farm build ings, when they do. The outpost feeling though from the little watchtowers remains . Forts to fight from; the wall to look from. In one well a glass bottle was dug up. And the latrines and the treasure house.

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Scotch border. Monday ten to eleven. Sitting in the car looking across a vast spread emerald ti ted little hills rising a great flow of green land. Some bars of trees other wise grass. uncultivated, no roads. Carter ell behind. ripples of hills in the distance. a few single scattered trees. One red brown field. some tent shaped hills Board has Sctoland written on it--a moor road. ow Scott must have come this way-- near edburgh. Burke Sir Walter. A cold windy day w th blue sixtxx slabs consequent floating colours. A novelist should be able to describe two spinsters sisters opening letters at breakfast etters with stamped addresses. "ow awfully stupid--- " said the 18th " (a frgament froom the breakgast table at Chollerford. these old ladies caught me smokin a cigar. hey played pateince ferociously; but not on Sunday. hen they read solid books.)
Tuedsay. Now in idloat ian. Stooping for petrol. on the way to Stirling. Scothc mist driven across the trees. Normal Scots weather. reat hills. ugly puritabical houses. The Hydro built 90 years ago. A woman called and said she had seen Mrs oolf walking in elrose on aturday. Second sight as I was not there. alashiels manu actiruin town . ideous. Fragments of talk overheard at the Hydro melrose. Soft voiced old cotch ladies sitting in their accredited places by the fire under the window. "I was wondering why you walked about with an umbrella. One who is stitching. " I wonder if I should was it and begain again. I'm working on a dirty ground. ere I interpose; We stopped at Dryburgh to see Scott grave. It is under the broken palanquin of a ruined chapel. ust enough roof to cover it. And there he lies--Sir alter cott aronet. in a caddy made of chocolat blanc mange with these words cut large and plain on the lid. As ame harlotte whois buried beside him is coevred with thesame chocolate slab it must have been his taste. And theres something fitting in it. For the Abbey is impressive and the river r nnin at the bottom of the field. and all the old cots ru ns standing round him I picked a white syringa in memory but lost it. An airy place but Scott is much pressed together. he col. by his side, and ockhart his son in law at h s feet. hen theres aigs xxxxxxxxxxxxx stuck about with dark red poppies. But the old l dies are discussing Dr John Brown whose brother was a doctor in elrose. Soon ones head would ache and ones senses fuddle. One wo ld eat too many cakes at tea and theres a huge dinner at 7. "I think hes very nice--her husband. She s got a personality of her own. A very nice cir-r-cle. Where do they live? etired to perthshire.... I'm three stitches out.. Miss Peace came along to the reading room with her freind and wanted a fire. Couldnt she have rung the bell or something? Out you come! (unpicking the knitting.) There so much opened

up now. Two years ago was the centenary (of Dryburgh?) I went to the meeting. There was a service--most int resting. ~~at the xxx xx xx~~ All the Ministers. five on the platform. Possibly the Moderator. At any rate it wa very nice and it was a beautiful day and the place was very full. The birds oined in the music. Alan aigs birthday. There was a service at Dryburgh. I like D. Ive not been to jedburgh --awfully pretty. No I dont think can write it all out. The old creatures are sitting on a sofa not much older than am daresay. es, therye about 65. Edinburghs nice-- I like it. We have to go away before we appreciate it. ~~xx xx xx~~ Youhave to go away from your birthplace Then when you go back everything changed. A year does it-- 2 years do it. I should leave it (of the work) and see the effect afterwards. What church d'you go to? Church of cotland--not to St Giles. It used to be the roon. We fgo to St iles. It s St georges arish--my husband wa an elder in St georges parish Charlotte square. D'you like augh? I like him in a way I dont hear him and its a common complaint. e gives very hard sermons--you cant take anything away. he choirs beauti I cant get a sitting from wh ch you can hear.
I feel it infra dig rushing with the crowd. The corwd hasnt reached---Ive just got to sit still I(m having a service-- I hear the prayers the young men the music. It was pretty well where they come in from the histle chapel. They passed me bang. I rose and moved along. There are some seats the poeple never come to. and often the best seats. I like St iles a lovely old place, The old lady whose seat i had told me the church was all re ovated. Chambers did it, and when it came to the opening not a seat retained for the hambers family adly arranged. Some one provided seats for them A stupid thing. Always some higher church alteration. I like the episcopal. f it be piscoapl let it be; of Ch cot. let it be Ch. of Scotland.
Dr aughs brother is at Dundee. he would like Rosemneath Someone said that the minseer at roseneath is delicate.

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Wind rages trees leafless bannocks and a blue p und
note the oly changes. Glncoe. Menaching. lef green
hills islands floating a moving string of cars no
inhabitants only tourists... en nvis with stripes of
s ow. The sea. little boats feeling of greece and
Cornwall. Yellow flags and great fox gloves no farms
villages or cottages a dead land over run with insects
An old man whocouldot get up from his chair
two other ladies her legs overflowing her shoes.
all dress for dinner. and sit in the drawing room. Thi
twas the good inn at crian larich. Lake with hanging
stalacttites green trees in the middle. bowl of
tbe hills. Hills with velvet leaf green The bannington
of eaton place. she had found winter green for her
father in law a botanist. Sky light at lll. Bad review
of 3 gs. by G M Young pain lasted ten minutes
Over then. Loch ness swallowed Mrs Hambro.
she was wearing pearls.

And then. sick of Cobyery. I tore the
cobyery it up — a lemon. next journey,
not to make Endless pencil note that
need cobyery: Come bus I regret:
Come & Boswell experiments in mrs.
Alw the woman whose ex Gf mother worked
for the Wordsworths. Unclothered hem as
old man in a cloak with a red lining
mutterings poetry. Sometimes he wd hat the
children on the head but never Make li-
then. on the the head. H. Coleridge voice
always thinking of the book with the note

Monday 5th July.

A thunderstorm will just suit to distract my already distracted brain. How am I to calm & control back again to Roger? He returned on Saturday. Now the morning I retired to a difficult passage in P. H. Reppa rings up. 20 minutes ask him about 3 Qs. L. comes in & asks me to choose 3 quotes for the Observer. Nessa buys Jacob's Diamond & Jehan. Lightning. Torrents. Yet I must slide beneath all this & try to make a job of the summer days. I think I will read Roger tonight & so slide down into the water. & I will use the Jonah lady room & pound mommy to type out my Skye notes – not that they will work it. Jane an authentic relic, like a dried sprig of lucky thorn from a bridge – pressed between the pages of back. My hand shaggy – I write type.

Thursday
7th July

Oh the appalling feeling of getting back to Rye, after
these holiday vacillations. 3 yrs: a P.H. Hurdcott
Cuckfield upon Mersey last in Eden? This moving
I have forced myself back to Fenland in 1888.
But Jeanne last night threw cold water on the
whole idea of biography & those who have no lives.
Roger had, she says, no life that can be written:
I daresay she is right. And here am I
sweating upon minute facts. It's all too
minute & tied down - documented. Keep to the
Jane or this scale? The interest to other
people in that light? I think I write for a
dazzled till I meet them myself - 1909 - when
attempt something more ambitious. But must
glad enough all these letters tell them.
Yet contrast the 2 all the time. My new
her - other people. And then his books.
Meanwhile Freud (Sir) & John Lamb:
Jarbo to her; — I'm so saddled & naked
such people. mmm. Telephones — can't stay
my Vage note: have endless letter to-
week. long to read: nobody seems over:
& what can I recover from all this
letter? 3 G's really well 5,600 I think.
But it's getting that mood I can't do
anything. I must order a
lay my mind at rest upon holes. has to
Chase for lunch.

NYPL

17th July

No time - Time would write an angry letter to John about new writing: letter there to d: & tore up. My new clock says it just on one: & my new clock can't be so I note: 3 G. has struck the clock of rage. I think: & tells my letter almost on 6,000 - won't reach the £ ... then oh the rush of people - Susie telling me in strict confidence she can't afford £5 for Bunny read. Last night at the Robsons. Old French woman & skinny black: beautiful Gt. player Beethoven & looked round like Mitz at Juliette: then - face player: voluptuous absorption & sorrow & exaltation lovely brown woollen cello - Old lady we have been confidential to Roger - Rothenstein - tomorrow to Jessica Rye - I'm stuck in a bottle of daily Can't get on - wet, black cold - worst July on record - Mozart's Jaycaut. Katherine knott, Eddie Sinclair. Ben & Judith, Rose Glenard. Still letters come about 3 G. Rose on the whole I'm pleased at the Week in the whirlpool - hidden upheaval in paper - evident results - Not a word said yet by anyone openly or intimately

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Tuesday
July 19th

What about yesterday as a theatre day? Work at
Roger-Jacque meeting Drudery till 15 to 1.
Robson to lunch. Sherrard want to see us at 3.
I slip out; buy flowers for Madame Alvers,
Palais de Jour for Adrian. Back at 3.15. keep mat
Stephen Mende - Chez. Ph. L all talking as it's
room. Receive present of Jade head in box for
Juh. Let down upstairs. Visit Adrian tea on
balcony. dog plays Jan Pany - Invite them - Ann
to marry in Thursday - No invitations - Karen
in & out. Lost at home Jonny. home - walk R to
Ami. a respectable, respected, but dont think
Jude such a make as Dunlan make out.
Only dismal, famed: kindly; fairly obstinate:
Think on her guard. No Sutherian for her -
low-made high nobility - But of some
instructed, Experienced, a kind. Ruby ....
Compared with R - how blunted, tolerant, &
a little plausible. Wished to make out a case, to
some extent. Save me letter. Do to bed
with 20 cc lipi. Nothing said about R -
Paris. all dim now. Midnight eat - abstemious.
Fetched by a Chauffeur Car. respectable.
But not so slimy as Mary said.
Merlejoly no one - I repeat no one today. Today
Julian was killed last year. And it's hot
again. Cyclicus Just regret in Rfeuch
Pk Lysistrata. We see you on. I
Want say anything Mena. Oh dear -
And shall I buy denied a case? a usual or
Chair? a what? We go - Then a an
Event for us - to The Ballet at Drury Lane in
proper seats to-gether - 3 gs. selling very
Vowly. Absence a Mercy letters the
last 2 days

July 22nd

If I were not rather proud of my abstracting power, how could I keep my head now. called on to write Roger a m: to interview Roger Senior at. about 3 & 5 to 7: to combat John & the young Generation the Evening: to sympathise with Adrian; see Burys Rothenstein: give tea to Virginia Richard aged 5; & have Elizabeth Bowen & Rodmell with her a Shelley. Many threaten to come & Stay. So I must exercise my new muscles: be adept at making compartments: Jettison them. Pipe. talk but not too fast. I'm getting more adept at keeping from moving to moving Shes dumma. better than last anyhow. Its odd how one's friends torment one. Oh, Richard Hughes draws me for a written opinion on his book. Also Vera Vita & her poem. And I have writin to say that she must withdraw her Charges. breathe steamy but no longer blue. Lat'n London Yes last night & I & V were We thought unreasonable about R & W.R. & the Graphon. what a kettle of fish! And 3 & is once more telling: has now broached the 6 thousand. But my new clock by its 2 mins. to one. The man came. like a doctor. to regulate. Ann was marvellous yesterday. I saw her £15: L. £10. Thats all the time for.

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Tuesday
July
26th

It is very true that I have no time. I have simply
dedicated the last fortnight to people – busy
people – who busy free from it always
an engagement. Upon it like you each
there's something to be said for it. But I'm
sorry it deliberately & so ... well: here's
Lent: Elizabeth Bowen Saturday: Lehmann
Sunday: Nessa & Duncan: Monday I wish keep
free for tea – in comes Angelica: but we
talked about Julia. & I adored her
tonight. Steph: am in doubts of the ll
Much attached today am Barry & others in
afternoon: then tea (on the word afternoon
Horrified by your letter). to lunch: but ll
Ward & Virginia: I asks me to tea to
fetch my stamps: then shall we go to
Lydiatard in Regents Park: so we reach
Thursday Steph: then let us talk &
many plans. And phone. & books.
Bruchan & Jane present there: Hughes he.
And its now one. I'm staying Steph
And its now one.
Beaufort St.

Wednesday
—

Yesterday we had John to tea, & the Burys to dine Ardwes
in afternoon. Rather hard & typical work. Jemmes
praised W Roth:" seemed to laughter at BJ.
He said they had never noticed her work. BJ said his.
Clive & Peggy ignored him. Steph R- an
Alumine'. her last work a legume. Thrum
Thyme one Marchand dropped (— pushes
hands out – down on the ground. But they
learned & chary. & Mabene Lenare.
asked him meeting another that.
1910

L' Aug.
Monday.

Monks House.

What a very silly thing I did – Not that it was my fault. I thought I knew the voice, asking for Mrs Woolf: so got let in to conversation with a woman called Coralie Andrews, a Dublin broadcaster, from New Zealand, at Newhaven: & had the utmost good manners to say She could come to a dull family tea party today: that, a strange woman, & the most intimidating [illegible], may, indeed will, walk in, on top of Mrs Woolf, Elsa & Sylvia today. And L. with Glum: & Mrs W. resent the interruption. The fact was, Vita was there: hence I answered the telephone. And this is how we escape to the peace of the country. Came down on Monday: almost met with bottlenecks: 6 from Charleston on Sunday: Angus Eddie: then Vita on Tuesday for the night & Jarleds: now the inconspicuous assembly. Yet we are very happy. I should add that we found a new Gabo thrown onto the mat, workmen hammering, Mr Wicks thanked work without warning, says he will be here 3 weeks which means 5. Two days ago L. had the brilliant idea of converting half the Library into an open air verandah with glass doors, in which we can eat on a hot night & survey the stars. There is now in progress. We shall have a balcony & rails. What hen very hot with a strong hot wind. And I'm taking a gallop in fiction, after bringing Roger to his marriage. Rather a perk: can afford my work at the moment. Just then from a studio in Truro to wild idleness. But I liked seeing Vita. We see a

No: The head the fact not to come.

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Saturday
Aug 7th

Easy again. We saw at home: Diana and her lover; Death; father Darcy in death; Rose Fearn, as she was molded by Vita; Willy Maugham; Clive, who's writing a book, secretly, on war; Julian; Nessa: looking so ill; to many women have lost sons & lovers; I forget how it went. And Nessa brought a basket of peaches – Lafite bottle & Chateau Yquem, from her mother's cellar. Nigel only got a third. He's Harold mend. He doesn't. And all the men in her great black car that impress Mrs Raverat so, to Entertain Mrs Raverat's Jewish husband, who likes Jews. He has a dashy waistcoat – not to keep them. He was much like old times. I can't unstring my mind yet to try to write about Lily's book. Will it be a series of contrasts. Will it come off? Am I to lament? Yes & find work a play. Leonie writes she's in the Jaeger room. I note the Arnold Bennett like to be asked when work is done? He has, amusingly, all an artists sensibilities. And now? – work there's always a heap of Press papers – old paper cuttings – to go through. And I mean, I know, to revise the last chapter: Beaufort Street: but am waiting for Bell's notes. What an undertaking! Ps. 2 lines wrote to 6 books: Crashaw & art.

Rather cross day P.H. that something for it must please again; if again should ever read it. Am watching to see my rays the Atlantic reader hasn't read enough of Walpole to understand my article. Rejoice. That another reason then for my Outsider to be born. The Times. Let me see Mrs Woolf's view on the habitat intellectual harlotry. I rather think the book will sell slowly is

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making us.

Saturday I was to take Jan Sanger home
Canberry down the hill a memorable like blackbeetles at
Rat Fam- small boy playing idiotic games in which I
pay- Harold is very normal, Vita says: Prelude
wear, but not this week. A look at the moment.
And terrifically hot. A great purple
black cloud massed away behind Mrs W- Sylvia -
Edgar & they ratout here: then thunder: then rain,
at last. And we had lights etc. Why they re
rule the country bloom off- these family wrestles -
I don't know. Always a dusky feely & Carl Count -
offices. Oh the commonplaceness of the talk -
mostly about furniture at Leyham: lovely
silver mirrors, mort antiques over mantels. Meter &
dinner room chairs, coffee cups. The kids awake
counting them. Deciding who's to have what. No
talk at all- Why not talk so low in tone,
even as human type? Sylvia might be one
via & bread & the animal trap. Workmen
tapping- The verandah being cut down. Saturday the
men about the workers. Two man jackets
Dodges purchases in the home. And the children
shrieking. But we go to Chaleston for tea:
& Bell has written, very in some respects my Chaplin:
when which I start work again tomorrow.
I plan, a short chapter a massage: then a difficult one
as R's early work: some discussion of his
theories, development: go to Hamsterhead &
America. Go to the Port I. & ourselves.
That will make the break in the book. A
Change of method. Then the Omega: before the
war. Then the Dalmeny, Bernard Shaw.
Consummation. To (there at least) the end
& we right. I may have it written over by
Xmas: re-written by next August. Out in
Spring of
1940?

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Wednesday
17th Aug

No I won't go on down Rye – abstracting wet
blood & sweat from the old Attcoks – right up
to lunch maybe. I write that 25 minutes:
in fact I've been jotting about in Rye. Did it
pay I wonder it? Did I pay there no
harm? Exact that I'm 56; & think that
Gibbon then allowed barely 12 years, & died
instantly. Ah why always shape & urge &
strain at the leash? What I want is –
Season & calm weather. Contemplation.
I get them sometimes about 3 am when I
always wake, open my window, & look at the
sky over the apple trees. A tearing wind
& tangled scurrying clouds: a
prodigious toppling & clearing, massing,
after the manner that was so amazing
made me come & lurk outside the bathroom
window – a flurry of red clouds: hard as a
watercolour men & purple & black, lost in a
or water: & then had rifts of intense
green stone; blue stone, & a ripple of
crimson lyre. No. that won't convey it –
Then there were the trees in the garden. &
the reflected light: our hot poker burning in the
edge of the sky. I'm too tired with the heat & fingers to sum up.
We have been invisible in a scattered way.
Seen Edgar once home, – & Mr Colbourne
Abrahams, writing. Queen Market Handkerchief
from a hut & rags. Jumping high every hour.
also retrieving. Yes. Vandanna from a
distant field. All dogs can do that. Me e
said. A dog at 1 prune at 3. Dog

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entirely changed by education - father. Ida 3 yrs. (who stops telling, between 6 & 7 now: but still writes letter from schoolmate. One I must answer one of them) I began Mme de Sevigne last night. When there was the sunset, & then some music on the new set, The window, with the round top, is going in today. Len nearly (han) expected. The old woman who lived up at Mt Mercy drowned herself 3 days ago. The body was found near Redmyshoe — my usual walk. Her son died; she turned queer; had been a midwife in Brighton; lived in the broken windowed hall of the Bradfield's home. She used to moon over the Downs with a dog. Ina she came to the shop late on Sunday to beg 2d of paraffin — She was alone in the dark. They threatened to Kobb turn her out — farm wanted. She had killed her dog. So at last off she goes, on Monday perhaps — when the tide was high in the afternoon. Jumps in. Louie says her brother found a drowned woman the other day at Barcombe Mills — a horned right — Yes I order dinner hastily & come out here to brew more Rope. But won't go into my doubts — partly due to reading B.J Lyttelton's letters thinking it rather warmer, more important than Morgan or Wilde — N, at suffer, we believed as generation: & the present 2 war. Hitler has his million men now under arm. Is strictly summer manoeuvres or — ? Harold broadcasting in his manner & the world manner hints at maybe war. Matis the complete

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poem not only a celebration, as Everyone but my last lap. Question unscrupled &c. One cares to think about it — that's all. Goes on declining the new book, new Chair. new books. What else can a poet do or plan do? And I would like to write a P. H: & other things. I wrong a little over the young generation & its complacent compromises. Then is partly a sense that we told the H P there very cheap: that Mrs Lehmann loves in her plain style than we do: that the young in short have an eye to the main chance, a better tongue, & a fawning way of asking sympathy. That my nettle under the mattress, but a very little frail one — not to stinging as a bee that ma tasted a whole pound here inside Celtax. I mean one of those nagging worries that I say aloud when I'm walking. Tonight we drive off the first grouse at Charlotte. It's Vera's birthday. Oh, we went to Pulborough — Vera A act — but I forget — I may have written this down — so casual am I in what I say a diary: & how helpless mind one often does to explain what my expression is in writing these continual Diaries. Not justification. Reverie? a memoir of my own life? Perhaps. Only other things crop up. Ropa says Walter has been dispensed ill. Logan has removed as Logan moved.

Monday
22nd Aug.

the first. I think. really soaking wet day since we came. We therefore went into Lewes about the threat of the sewage pump. They want to plant it on us: 'they' being instigated by Sussex & Bolton & Co. instead. The village cabal against us is aroused by the L.P. & the Village Council matter, & they are rumoured (Reg says) to be going to seize our field for a playground. The delightful example of village life — the egg under the microscope — doesn't it? plain: such is human nature. Also I am in the wars, & shall be. Maynard sends for us on Wednesday; is sadly Lefroi to be very critical of 3 pp: & a note in the Observer (Hayward) says that Mrs Wilson is preparing a counterblast: & no one can [illegible] contradict, & amplify them &c. Now the thing to remember is that I'm an independent & pretty established human being: no one can bully me: & at the worst I'm nothing that can make me shrivel into a martyr or a victim persecution mania. The one spectre is to write a thorough good book — C.S. Peyer. I'm not for the word right about the wool. I mean I stand on my own feet. Maynard in the net can only pull: & the twenty guy impetus in 3 pp is bound to see me through. But this is written in two great detail. In fact I must now, as we can't play bowls, read my Peyer Chapter: after the cricket I must ... but not here. Ah Charleston, Welham Plomer perhaps: a lovely hot blue day. Bowls. Never played. Feels I must. Clive talked them — he has some theory of versification Still.

It's odd to be so nervous as I am at the idea of seeing Maynard tomorrow, & his mocking: dear old Hitler. But I won't be nervous: I'll go & walk on the terrace for 10 minutes before lunch. The worst of this kind of controversy is that it adds so much friction to my work as Pres: I have to use my mind in, while the surface is all worried & flurried into fusts & vapours of repressed argument. It is it Kinder, like a mother, & burns, instead of keeping cool & dark & not boiled as I had hoped this summer. The price I pay. Thanks to having none. Never mind. Now the terrace — & a feast then afternoon.

Sunday 28th Aug.

The character of this summer is extreme drought. Brocks dry. Not a mushroom yet. By the way Maynard never said a word. Some were missed. As for mistake, Lydia: her ah but up with Virginia, said reproachfully, as Keston pure as Pantry. M. tired, extended, rather grim. But emotion had to be restrained. Sunday in the Devil over dog at Mr H. days. Children bells . . . Where they go for Even song. I can't settle anywhere. Beaten & I had fights at bowls. Boards in our manor. Ready rather cramped. I'm strong into a talk with Roger — for him, very skittish to the verge of American. I shall take a device next Session: when compose the Chapels that lead to the Change. But a notable — & sad to think of the further compressing & lessening day by day bells . . . day by day — why did we retire in a village? And how deliberately we are digging ourselves in! And at any moment the Jews may forth, explode & overwhelm us! A red & very black. Hitler has his hounds only very loosely held. A single step — in

Chesko Horakia – like the Austrian Archduke in 1914 –
again in 1914. Dog dog dog dog. People all
trolley ups & down the fields. A grey close evening
Dr Charaxe died on Friday, which Nina &
I were here – the 1st part of the week – he was
better. Oh thank God, Dog dog – no it began again.
I should call it a very free summer happy compared with last.
However, I can't go into that. I mean Juliana Horatia Ewing
could he ever become a ghost – My dear Aunt – this
the haunting laughter; & has he gripped the reader & the
Char. Angelica announcement that she is going
up the stage. That I think severs Nina. She is rich –
they are free – more united – & to Paris.
London – an exeat – a flight to the Maurons. But
Shall I get there?
Shants heavily on us, for dinner: we have the Jones's
at Seaford: visits in London: must say good
bye to Bella. The autumn must assemble. And
I'm irritable with work & worry. We dine at
Charleston. Now it's an exeat on the grass: all
grey; the chestnut leaves hanging heavy; birds on
the telegraph posts. Letters get me. Never am
I disinterested. Regret always to speak, write
letters, see people. That Fame –
That beautiful Emery is with the dead & Bubbers & Jap
gap. Perhaps the Ewing home would be better.
L'Madame de Lesseps – who may inspire me,
as good writing does. & write to – & Ethel – To
me now.

Aug 31st

War seemed round the corner again. Question what little
will do, when he'll do it. Cabinet minutes summoned.
L, & Crewe, Kingsley Martin ringing up, & annoyed
that L. visit in London to hold him back, -
make it waste an article. I say A of articles
mattered! We were in London Saturday. Streets
fuller than last time, perhaps by reason of the Critics:
K.M. to lunch - stout & dark & brown -
black, theatrical. 3 pomibebitues. one of them
European war. But not at once. A game of
bluff on his part, possibly. As how he doesn't
want a European war now. To may isolate
the Windy; & we may vat with the French
at the last moment. If there a war, "my own
solution is suicidal" - which he munches
mutton chops, & sweeps up fragments,
scraping his knife & fork round in a way
I hate. But can't hate anyone in the flesh. The
bumbled on: with his own article, his own
jigsaw, intricately arranged, in the centre.
Some bye-election, with an eye to me, on the
Protestation of journalists. I walked off,
bought a pewter plate, a saucer, & ran
down Centre Slope, encouraged by a letter from
Brace rhapsodising enthusiasm for 3 Gs. in
our office, good advance orders, & great praise
also encouraged by the Es situation: must
Gather rosebuds while we may. To see
Came back to find the roof painted a
first coat of white: men erecting Lea new
Crystal Palace greenhouse in the orchard;
& the fireplace ready in the new room.
Sally was naked a Monday, with much cogent: as
had tea with Mrs Jones, Hugh, & a Wordy girl who's
going to teach a school in Keyhole. Mr Jones like a
pucked an oak floorboard on the floor.
Hugh the Poet & Phillips.

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Sept 1st

a very fine clear September day. Lyric Theatre to-day, but may put me off — shoved a Cabinet Minister coop up. Polling marking time. A violent attack on Sir H Keating by Q. Leaves. I don't think it gave me an extreme tingle think of horror. And I didn't read it though. A symbol though of what wrappers are to come. But I read on to see that it was all personal — about Queen's own grievance & retort to my pinks. Why I don't care more for praise & wrapping I don't know. Yet it does. A slight setback for my brag of Rylands money: his defended & flat. But I must take it up tomorrow, & lay aside P.H. I fear.

Queen over to finish his table. He has settled to keep the wet Cornish cream colour.

I found a new walk down Tehidy valley to the river yesterday.

Oh Queenie mean about a cancelled by a letter from Jane Walker — a thousand thanks...

Sept. 3rd Monday

It is odd to be sitting here, looking up little facts about Aspern the MM — in New York, into a Shakespeare stuffing in my way this fine September morning when it may be the 3rd Aug 1914... what would that mean? Darkness, Pain: I mistime carelessly Death. And all the horror of friends & Queenies... all that lies over the weak in the brain & that ridiculous white man. Why ridiculous?

Because none of us yet fully. Gathers us weakly. Death, war, darkness mean representing nothing — that any human being from the Pole further to the Reine Mercedes cares

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an Draw about. Not liberty, not life. Merely a horrible dream. And we woke from that dream & how
the Cenotaph to remind us of the price. Well I can
spread my mind wide out to take it in, intellectually
between real, and ld. make something yet. But
as then it merely grumbles, in an inarticulate way,
behind reality. We may hear his mad voice
vociferating tonight. Nuremberg rally began:
last it goes on for another week. And what will be
happening by this time 10 days? Perhaps we
shall drown, with a day moment, any accident
may suddenly bury out the uproar. But
this time Everyone's agog. That's the difference.
As we sit all equally in the dark we can
Cluster a group: we are beginning to feel the
herd impulse: Everyone asks Everyone. Any
News? What d'you think? We only answer
is, wait & see. Hybrid fears flow
London, can only fatten this answer into shapes
that reveal her own complicity, but after
Ghenana. The talk, when she came that next
Evening all the way from London to dine,
turned most fabulously upon the
London: a hum, as he came late into
Lady Maugham lunch party, he said,
"Her Royal Highness" was detained by the
American nation." That is what he
will have he called
Old Mr Thompsett meanwhile ob-
drawn home to the brooks about the fields
for 74 days has died in the hospital. H
L. is to read his will on Wednesday. H
left it all - how much? - to Doris; a Annie
thinks the other children will protest. L
made his will for her - I like this in L.

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Saturday 10th Sept

~~Fri~~ 9th Sept

I dont feel that the crisis is real – not so real as when Roger in 1910 at Jordan Wharf, about which I've just been writing; – now switch off with some difficulty ~~to the last~~ to use the last 20 minutes that are over before lunch. By some we may be at war this time next week. Seven ships are mobilised today. The Papers each in turn warn Hitler in the same set Grim but composed words, dictated by Sport. presumably, that if he forces us we shall fight. They are all equally calm & good tempered. Nothing is to be said to provoke. Every allowance is to be made. In fact we are simply making time as calmly as possible until Monday or Tuesday when the Oracle will speak. And we mean him to know what we think. The only doubt is whether what we say reaches his own much cumbered long ears. (I'm thinking of Roger writing Hitler – how I'd like Roger, with) would tell him so, for giving himself to think of – what a help he remains to in this welter of unreality. Ah there goes men appear to me like Grown up's staring incredulously at Childs' sand castle which for some inexplicable reason has become a real vast earth needing Gunpowder, dynamite to destroy it. Nobody in their senses can believe it is to get nobody must tell the truth. To me forget. Meanwhile the aeroplanes are at the prow, crowns the dorsum. Every preparation is made. Lorries with boat in a particular way when there's the first hint of a raid. & I no longer talk about it much better to play bowls, pick dahlias. Thyme

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blazing in the city now. Orange against the black last night
the balcony is now up. Today Morgan comes, & we have
our crowded Memoir Club week-end. Wei at
Tilton, in the afternoon, to meet Maynard, who is brought
lead. Sf. & Molly lunch here tomorrow, &
I've no doubt we shall all behave as if the
moment were eternal — as Roger said to Goldie.
What other attitude — but to act — is possible to
even moderately adult people? As far as I can
judge the villagers share it. What the use of war?
We don't want war. That Louis verdict. But
our Candidate, our bitter Mr Black who dined here
the other night, has the brains of a rabbit, removed me
Verdict, with only talk of the Daughter but mia —
the de Bunsen many coloured men whom she
tells for 5^d^ to a total breeder, a hi other
Seil makes posters depicting mia, which
he kindly collects match boxes — both,
he's the average politician, I suppose: a he's all
for war, at ma. Why? to build a new
Wall .... & what kind of new state? One in
which mia & match boxes are collected.

Morgan here. He is working on the Jacobs. I in his room.
I have been reading old cuttings and how. Molly & Sf
work soon come. A nice fine clear spring blue day.
The news as black as possible. Hitler has
strafed Cassel, & Goering that: nothing said till
tomorrow. And now in to the house to tidy rooms
& bath. Eng — unbreak with Mr. about
Ghd & Roger &. He wears a new tie given by
Stephen Tennant

Sunday
11th Sept.

Monday 12th
Sept.

Papers all say that we shall know the truth one way
or the other, tonight. But Maynard privately thought
Hitler may say nothing for some days. The Cabinet
all occupied whenever they emerge – today all day – in
making plans & without actual obtainment there
we shall fight by trans lights. Rex all harmonious.
So there's nothing to do but wait. Memoir
Club meeting had it's usual success. M & G lunched –
Ogden Nash, as he came down then, M. tripped –
fell over the bare tile. Lay very white in great pain.
Could move. Obviously a bad twist. After a time
we managed to hop him to the terrace – rather talked:
but when we had to go, he couldn't move.
Ankle swollen. So we took him, after various
telephone, to Tootes substitute: a he – a blue eyes
red faced knobby man – was afraid he was
very hard. Then the X ray: the man out: at
last to Tellon: carried him in. Maynard very
very patient pretended a interference paper so fans
I could follow. about Cambridge gossip. Then
photography: it consequence: Moore: what
it lacked; what it gave. The beauty
unworldliness of it. I was impressed by M.
I felt a little flittery stupid. Then he had to
rest; it found very cold: M. had to be
slowly conveyed – a bed made in the
Grand Hotel at Charleston. Nevertheless a
very human valedictory meeting. Tea: 1931
Lydia spends. "Now hope I shall not down.
Hot cakes. Ham sandwiches. No politics.
Bunny, Desmond, Q. & Dr Lydia. Carolan
Mozy Clive here (in bed: much more
lively than ever yet): Rachel & I have a
baby. Molly very much more composed:
Vera: matter of fact; & heard what we
saw. But we are all now to have work
at William at Rigby Hedley
Mozy

Monday
13th Sept.

No war yet anyhow. Hitler boasted & boomed but that was rolled bolt. More violent rant & then broke off. We listened in to the end. A savage howl like a person excoriated; then words from the audience: then a measured & measured sentence. Then another bark. Cheering ruled the stock. Frightening to think of the fate & the woes we're forgetting. But as Newton has said (only putting a word or two) anti-climax. This seems to be the general verdict. He doesn't cross the line. Comes up to it, stands bawling inside. Times very scathing & sarcastic. How can people stand this nonsense? Nebuchadnezzar to go on, under threat that he will eat grass if he doesn't. Immense relief last night at Monks Horton, when Hitler's done. Very hot. Jacked with Reynolds & lunch with Wm, Megan at a place where he knew the waitress. I depressed by phrase & Morgan Credo: silence on all my personal part about my own. But the attitude worked well. I let myself sink like a bag from a balloon: - felt, if dejected, light & free. A good press & work that, for it leaves me free to do as my way in silence. Not from Journalist - a schoolmaster thing. A great packet of letters per USA. All summer in a day again. Oh we enjoy being alone, we & I'm two jacked to old Reynolds here about the tiles. John tomorrow - London & farewell to Charlotte on Thursday. Peace of depend: asked a week & 2 without war. Odd this new public anxiety: how it compares with pervade: how it blends: but two Waited to work. And lunch coaching the Waiting Lot money.

Wednesday
14th Sept.

Things worse today Russia in Rapes. Sudden ultimatum.
We looks as if Austria meant to slide sideways into war.
Rains riots: mobilising cant be stopped. Thin came
on the 9.30 wireless last night. Then morning
more market-stone No one knows. Headachy
packing screw & Rope: pack this down. Le Pin
stopping Rye: as we go up to lunch with
Bella tomorrow. And what the private position?
Je blank I cant gather together. Work suffers.
If war, then every country down in: chaos.
To offer the work Rye my only private
position. Well that an absurd letter makes a
strike. But it a hopeless war then — when we
know winning means nothing. We in
Committee, for the rest you live. to publish
money. Then will be flashed with private tor-
pedoes: all the young married people - turn ac:
low — L. I - can make out I suppose down
here: vegetables a fruit. And I'm made
some money. Verdict Cringe. That about all.
I feel I said what I wanted in 3ft. I am
not to care of it I: mark my own friend
horrible: lend me pen to abuse Radicals: also
frame where I don't want it: a pages bills
for Wm Vercher: £3.9 for a ridiculous leaflet -
That my debt to Civilization. Then suppose
John called up! The Ren? But all
walkers, waiters in complete chaos. Odd that
then showed he a thinker to the complete
Artist. The work have to sit at home, write.
I suppose air raids may turn a trout. High the
Keyser. Growls go on overhead. Lower lip his
the Carpenter is on the screen. They shall have a
a wreaker. 1914 but without even the Mercer 7
1914. ah stepping eastward into a pit.
But John lunch - Pic A to tea.
Some former as Charles
Fine summer
day.

Friday
16th Sept

Chamberlain has flown to see Hitler. Universal relief & approval.
No news yet. They say this means Peace. Peace was
written large on the Evening Standard placard yesterday in London.
There'll be no war, the shopkeeper at Lingfield said when
I bought cardboard for Esther's book. Remembering days they
will give way. Hitler will save his prestige: the
C.S. will be sacrificed. War staved off for one year.
But until the written announces the result there's
risk - & there'll be another - to-night we are again
in suspense. Meanwhile time. Irene Ducas Angelica & Cyril went for
Carrie to-night, driving across France. Her letter is
full of 10 days alone - Chateau. Clive & Janie come a
Sunday: but I mean to make these 3 weeks
serve me to finish, Sketch out rather, the last
Chaplin. Dined at Charlotte. She seems
afraid that a country life is best. Clive is
going retire to Gordon Square. We hear
a rather the Garden Comedy heard, that
T. Lyn will be pulled down in 3 years.
Shall we all provide ourselves with flats
rooms in London, live here? Never
make any fixed plans for life - that my
motto. Really, for the 10 years that remain,
free of the world. But I'm sticking to that
with P.H. after Ryan this morning, the relying
factor of all that sort, lightens the load of
both worries incalculably. And I feel so
free from any outside: own no authority
Hal Fisher asks me to do a Rein. Of my
remarks as Ch. this is conciliatory. He
wants me to send a signed copy. And
has time in drawing me out: negotiation
suspended. Very fine clear weather. I
saw a kingfisher. The heath was very
heavy. Rudger, Jack & Mate were walked
down the strand at a buzzing, Jack
pecan feeling, in the afternoon.

Saturday
17th

Crumbulam back - In a hard business mans voice told us,
as he stepped onto the plane at Croydon, that he
was to meet Hitler again: that Hitler was coming to
meet an old man half way (in this republican?) -
We meanwhile not to believe rumours.
No Parliament today. Cabinet meeting. Just as
in violent personal agony. The public labours, with
Complete indifference - She can feel no more
at the moment. And it is the silence of an
English September. Down the Harley Dale at Norbulam
Yesterday. Mrs Mowrey wants Tash me to
head an Outdoors movement. Clive -
James Tomms. Nedra re lunching
now at Stuffe Ford - & thats all for the
moment. I thought yesterday, cycling my
valley walk, that Julian was entirely has
appeared to me. And, oddly enough. I have
said that the whole summer here was set on
it for the first day by L. writing the
Lewes Dr. who pronounced him absolutely
normal - Just) restore to the most
important Sealey Gate - We met on the
Downs path the very day after we came here.
Dreamt of Julian one night: how he came back:
I implored him not to go to Spain - He
promised. Then I saw his wounds.
Dreamt of Roger last night. How he
had not died. I praised Cezanne. And
told him how I admired his writing
Exactly the old relationship. Perhaps
Carrie to set them in dreams, because as
has dreamt away the last of her Dale,
& which I woke as L came in.

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20th Sept

Inna In two state to work - rather headachy — I may as well write a sketch roughly of the next chapter. (I've been rather absorbed in PH. Inna headache. Rob. fetches it for more a strain than hospitality — that the Eglements.)

Nethene) make a break after this death (madness). A separate paragraph to photog what R. barely saw. Then a break. Then began distinctly with the first meeting. That is the first impression: a man of the world not prepared for Bohemian. Then give facts when letter to her mother. Then back to the second meeting. Pictures. Talk about art. I look at pounders. His permanence — a certain density — wished to be made fun of like what he liked. Eagerness about others — a kind of vibration like a haze round him. (Or that) make a scene here — at Otts? Then (Sept. Jenny out — ~~dining~~ At sitting Mrs in — his defence in combining. Then photo his letters to R.

The first 1910 show.
The radicals. Photo W. Blunt.
Effect on R. another close up.
The letter to Marlott. His own personal liberation. Eglement. Found his method (but this was his last. his letter to V. show that he was swayed too much by her.)
Love. How to say that he now was in love?
Still the pre-war atmosphere. Ott. Jantes.
France Letter to Burge about beauty —
Immorality. Her Eglements. Loyer.

22nd Sept

By mistake I wrote some pages of Roger here; a proof, if proof is needed, as I'm in the habit of saying, that my books are in a muddle. Yes, at this moment there are packets of letters to V.B. 1910–1916 – packets of testimonials to the Gibbon Medal – endless folders, each containing different letters. Ben Cutty, extracts from books. At In between come my own, now numerous. Some of the 3 Gs – letters (now sold for £017... I have yet a Encumbered letter always demands. But all the same we got asked to have Nad & Virginia, Judith, & to go to Restaurant in order that L. may discuss politics with Harold. No more silent weeks of work alone all day as we'd planned, when the Bells went. I'm sure she enjoys it. Yet I was just getting into the old, very old, rhythm of regular reading, first then birds then that: Roger all the morning: walk from 2 to 4; bowls 5 to 6.30: then Madame de Lenglue: sit down 7.30: read Roger: listen to music; bend Eddon Candide; read Gosse'd Tassoon: – so bed at 11.30 or so. a very good rhythm; but I can only manage it for a few days at a time. Next week all broken. A dinner that today: solicitor & Lewes: then walk.. The public fluctuates. Chamberlain flying to & to Goldsberg (?). A strong opposition has risen. Eden, Churchill & the L.P. all Munich a Lerring C.S. on the alba & bedding it commit Suicide. C.S. very depressed, tragic. Cayne Cathy suggests she a pick pocket. The prospect of another glossack gets a minor flop into abyss. All Europe in Berlin Keeping. What'll he gobble next? Wait the summary of us in Tussey.

Wednesday
Sept 28th

Was may be the last day of peace; so why not record it,
as I've 20 minutes & nothing to do? Why record it?
But this "why?" has to be battened down.
A fine autumn week end - Juliette, Noel & Virginia:
Charleston: Clive Janie Raymond. Poorly week Monday.
L. came out to say Kingsley Martin begged him to
come up, in order to act as liaison between the L.P. & the
Liberals. He was the only person we - Vanessa
decided to go at once & spend the night. Drove up in
the rain. Men digging trenches at Tonbridge.
London crowded. Dropped Juliette. L. went to see
K.M. I to buy coffee &c. "It's a miracle
day," we thought, are miracle "the woman
at the Bay said. He said we should win: that
it would not be a long war. "But what's the
point in winning?" I said. And then the Eclaireuse
thought he shouldn't go at once. Went to bed at
dawn: Charles black round the eyes: as usual
something hysterical. Talk about his article in N.S:
had he been wrong? Wire all hen wrong. A
decree to confess. But also very wretched.
Hopelessly restless. Melodramatic in his gestures.
Imagining [illegible] walked to the telephone:
[illegible] looking at the time & singing beneath up.
for the B.B.C. "Look at what Hitler said?"
Ah ha - Then Phil Baker - does anyone watch
what) wrote? No word from L. Played
Plan a vague [illegible] summoning
as, drinking, working. Then said he was going to
walk the streets. London deep. Still
thought it possible no shouted rat. Also
Phil said Hitler would cry off. Went to bed
Telephoned all the morning. I went to the
London Library. [illegible] sat in the basement

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looked up the Times on PP in 1910. Old Worcester Stately Derby. Came & read Negro telling us to try on our marks.. Have you got yours? asked Ns not yet. And shall we have one? I fear so, but I shall hope not. I live at 10 Putney. Or shapes laid in sand bay: the boats must be moved: but keep a bomb stuck the house.... May I dust under your chair? I looked under the Stat Jak: boy warned by Cohen bend Theaker to get my jas mark and walked down Park Walk. A man wheels the waving thigh a megaphone as he drives: a lecture boy goes by a red faced elderly man in Wattean & Tenbe pantry. A large crowd following I looked at Rennes. Again me: tried to see Thigh Ryan eyes: tried to get some relief by mind. To be lunch. Question what to do about the Ren. The Gods unlike but Come afterwards. Plan can only be sketched. Possibly John work transport the whole Pen to Filabead. Nothing can be done till Saturday. House meets today he arrayed to Market to Go to Bristol. We shall stay here, provisionally I went to Lewis & bought Golden. & we went Settle into work at my flat. We went Drove our pens & kept the Pen Jam that way Rain lettered us. Men Moors & the Fowers Arrived at 3.15 — & John & Rosemary to L. He was a painted battered Perpetual Journalist. Wants Controversial articles: £2 only: but Can say what like. I saw he ve mouth. Stayed talking. Letter for Suffolk despair. The fort is evacuated the Garland to Suffolk. The Cottages prepared to bike. & so for on. We had a rather unpleasant farewell with the Pen — they staying, we going.

* The boy those this early [illegible] saw obviously frightened & thereafter snatty & rude. poor little wretch.

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29th Sept

Its reasonable gloom. But we don't like leaving them there & yet they want to stay for the money. We may have to pay them, but then dr. they're keeping pages. But as L & I say, we can't now decide, we think. A violent rain storm; a great crowd in the Park. The most lovely trees in half light under trees, rain flashed; & we take that we only pay here at £.15. Per Cowes mind the Phi broadcast. He said nothing - ah Egbert that we did not fight for the small C.S. makers only — a powerful hint. But wire given up viewing the importance of land. Hotter news a May day "for it". More Jubilee notes are now ended & stuck. News coldly received & Sane, letting out here the London. Saw Mr Perkins brought Jan marks about 10.30. & we at last we went to bed.

We intend in Jubilee at 5 expected hear that war was declared. Instead "Mr Chamberlain made a sensational announcement. He has been invited by Herr Hitler to meet him tomorrow at Munich. Signor Mussolini & Daladier will be present. Mobilisation is postponed for 24 hours." It was like coming out a dark room. Now we are waiting. What? Will compromise? The Jelly & the C.S? Week? Either war further moments postponed. Perkins & James called last night to say so child arrives in Burnside today & to note number of our room. Off to Kingsthorpe this afternoon to see Harold.

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Friday 30th
Sept

L. has just come in, about 11.15. to say that he overheard a Broadcast when he was in the W.C. [illegible] and found an ominous: I heard that terms are being made at Munich. I can't go out then. But it means peace. That was the upshot of the stop press in the News this morning. They are agreeing to let some Germans at C.E. today: then Czech Nationals are to enter Germany: then a 3 months pause. Three months in which to settle the question, instead of hours as I took it to be! Yesterday. Chamberlain must be talking on the wireless this morning with a good deal of relief. He went off yesterday quietly Hotspur over the week-end. Maisky [illegible] the Flowers Papers — [illegible] Just a reversal was never known: rare that there was always a huge nightmare until a city that crowded all interest [illegible]. I'm doing Rose a P.P., must break off this hysterical note to go back to that. Harold kept in London. Cabalry with Winston & Eden to keep the Pm from giving away too much. Certainty & peace not just certain yesterday, but the Govt children who were to have come to Jessie held up. The obvious safety anywhere was, we don't want this war. No Sloane-cubes, as Mrs Dean remarked: the mouthpiece of the nation, as much as Chamberlain. Oh & the K. & Italy is said to have flattened Mussolini who flattened Chr., & thus weakened Hitler, by [illegible] and abdication.
Vita reported from Harold.

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I work continue, and have 10 minute before lunch: Continue
that is to say, I describe the Funeral: which is doubly
a funky hope after death. For we, even we creatures,
should have had our hope rubbed as death: even:
perhaps the end finally of all order, or L. admitted
was his background. It would have meant our last
15 years of hope there — battling for a thread of
liberty: keeping the Ren spy away the death &
gone. And now suddenly we can travel —
move, use our normal faculties. No
Vaughn the young beneath us. I wonder if we
could have faced it even here — entertaining
Gardens children in the hall: waiting: getting
all the dormat dog and things thrown in:
a windy Carnaby Lots... Now of course
one makes not new revolution, but attacks this
old with some fervour. They seem I have
stood with them. I wonder had for we al- really
Get a more in; make a difference, of two
two? Possibly - languidly - a new view
with clamour. Hitler with sunk instead of
Swell. But what a shame! Northcare
Bram already turned into a hospital;
Gwen's daughter "Evacuated" to school at
Stanmer Park: 60 children had a mattress in
the Hall: manor of organization reminders
Mr Bird lat ingar. Th who wish to leave
London to go to certain tube station, were a
which count a single food for the day: Children
to bring no Glam bottles: parents not to come
Public with them he taken free of charge to
town, village. So under entry London. Each
with be given a stamped card on which to
went to stand. No choice of destination. ee.
Eddy Tankville volunteered to drive an
ambulance in London. Food all arranged for.

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The net result is that we are presented with 2 jars marked by the Govt: I have bought 4 Camberwicks at Woolworths. I ordered an extra supply of bread.
Grey line dg.
A violent storm - purple ink clouds - dreadful like blots of ink in water - strong enough to drive us in here in the middle of our game - L. is strong again - Janet harvest to perhaps some year. No longer a matter of custom - we were to live on apples honey & cabbage. Portman delivered an oration - "just my own thoughts" on War & dictators - stew all with working Govt now: but in 5 years time we may be saying we ought to have put him, Stobie, down now - these dictators & then best to power - they can't stop. He'll get stronger & stronger. Then .. But now we can't help being glad of peace - It's human nature - we're made that way. A solid clear notion of repetitive prayer Thanks who kept on letter writing to memsahib - Only the N. Statesman we were locked safe & fed and warm. Peace when they meant to Ben hang on a straw. Now Govt (we suppose) to a vote - unless the storm is symbolical: we'd had to remember the mind welcomes to weather symbols - seeing everything in - in Crises like this, or wars. Of course there's bound to be a turn against relief - but in weather the storm - a spin in violent illness. One turns peevish & has a sense of emptiness. I should fill the new exercise by letter writing & thinking R. who can't be the least burdensome. I must do

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Sunday
Aet 2nd.

Yesterday would have been the first day of the Proclamation of War. It might be amusing to scribble down what may come happily happily of incidents as they remain now; & ought not be forgotten.

The BBC. in a measured trained voice: bid the public run to get warm clothes: no flannelette: postcards: then interrupted by the Archbishop's pages: then cold menace: a graced distorted menace from the Archbishop to them. Obviously we'd sunk inert. Then the asylum (windows) when the all foreign shutters were slammed. Was broken out already & thought. Then the statement that all poisonous snakes would be killed, & dangerous animals shot— known of London ravaged by cobras & tigers. Sense of preparation to the last hair. Some complacency on the part of organisers.

How Mrs. Nicholls was refused the key of Regents: benches only available to residents. All the neptune of minute detail: water hyacinths to God; with Hitler baying & the Germans howling: then the cramped cultured voice breaking in, say about not taking hats. Then one ate a fatty & the sentences, futilely. So that there was a dilation of emotion. A child game. Yet physical relief when peaa ceased 24 hours hope. Some instinctive self preservation. Felt the most when we drove away for 52. a telephone direction that we should be ghastly in the country. Some remorse at leaving the Clerks exposed. Now wholly otherwise. Could Chase such thus: that peaa ceased dark. Solid. Then that we must have a room to gnaw. The opportune already marshalling & we shall be attacked. Some objectivity: ogle all we admired Chs in the ovens. Not fair to abuse him now. Dull Cooper has resigned. A wet day. to tea. Regent come to

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Monday
Oct 6.

The Keppels to tea yesterday. Ate a picnic sort between Chamberlain, Hitler, Maynard said. Never had been any Chance of war. But I'm unwilling than to Neville Cant repeat. I wish I could get the whole of Neville Chamberlain to land. I'm incapable still of Looking into R. Race. wind. apples Sally. In a Lydia very confused. dear old M. so sanguine, so powerful, somehow towards two, a Lord how brilliant. I kissed him. Hope alert forgotten, forgiven. A hope time — what remains — of peace now. Hitler & P. play to be impressed. Outing dale. And I hope they work no longer pore as the young men to be Dacuping. All arrangements must need Change. Just deepen regard. Reaction of Shame hegemony. W.T. dead & Wants — pro Chang Czech movement. Times desperate. Harold answered re —

Another 10 minutes. I'm taking a frisk at P.H. at teh. I can only write for one hour. Like this waves. I regret it intensely: head screwed up over Rope. A violent storm two days ago. No walking. Cabala down. Electric light cut off. We used the 4 60 candlesticks brought at last worked James cooked, smoked, an almond room fire. Men now steaming board. The room cold. Politics now done actually the week. Politics now a mere "I told you so" ... You did. I didn't" I shall cease to read the papers. Such at last note contemplation. Peace for our lifetime: why not test? believe it? Can't make a Push, do I Remy want to. Don't want to. Love to change: love really Leisure. Even by Candlelight. Love to London, light: love for vintage: love for complete solitude. At the Dinner we L. walked to Piddlehoe Lehrer & Bowen her rent her book: also Marie Mauron.

13th Oct

I should be much advised to take a holiday from
Lessons, & meander off into the Regard as I can:
About 3 cent: two weeks needed: dependent upon d:
& topics but I feel I must dandle my brain.
Send a substitute. Need the London festivity.
Can't screw either to Rth a Rope. Elizabeth
Bowen room? A walk? Rick apples? only
1/3 — a fanciful, but not hopeless, distraction.
In last din like a tee totum. Hats, so
weighted straps upon, wherever drifted.
Only two steps under to skin. Finest
& a clear head. Reached. Stun
him. Talk to 48 hours. A nice couple.
like him. Some body, some brain. Cham-
pagne, the bella Abella, an adder ear,
re you, but I dare say neuroses. Much
young, more unseen than he. Oh, we
went to Tilla & read Li Po last thi
Ks. They scarcely approved. Mr as
interest as a terrier. Very intensely.
Cambridge Theatre. Off to Cambridge.
Era of this reason. Come you already.
Dandelion shell in pocket as
By. Southampton Row by tracked
down. Clerks had bought spade &
forward out yet. John remorable.
Pia to come home to duck. Today
the first time without waistcoat.
2 arrangements Gallery

Friday
14th Oct

Two things I mean to do when the long dark evenings come:
to write, on the spur of the moment, as now,
lots of little poems to go into P. H:
& they may come in handy: to collect, even
bind together, my innumerable T. L. S. notes:
to consider them as material for some
kind of critical book: prolegomena? Comments?
ranges of thought suggested by the readers
noted during the past 20 years.
Nov. Lawrence made the visit, I went in
after dinner: wrote letters: to Reg: to Joan
Landale, who is making Jim Rendel; to Jack,
about his autobiography. In bed I must
clear my tables, as I call it: does it —
before we go on Monday. No more than ten.
Rest absolute & one leg: & head better.

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Thursday
20th Oct

52 Tavistock Square.

Only Thursday! It seems 14 days since we left M H. I knew the break would be a jagged one: but not that I should feel the mysterious & remediable dissolution wh. I feel today, after a sleeping draught. And the curious fact is all this is the result of attempts to pay Helen's travelling overdraft. I thought we had 50 this 150 or 200. To be committed wholly again, at the impulse of the moment: just when I'd begun not to. Can I spend freely. Must write an article. And can I work it? L. always says he makes so many. No. But why do I hesitate all over this? I. She disliked 38. I know its this exact thing to do. I don't like talking emotionally (about Rogers dog). Then I was dazzled & this temptation & wreck at Caius L. very diverse. worked on the 7th. I don't think I come all right badly on edge. I've fixed my night's work at 2. This morning. There some taste about it that I dislike. And worrying L. And the sleeping draught heavy on me. like a hand Yet this right to give her the money, or their doing without a servant. I mean since cared for R. this is such a weight throw it — like the heavy clothes in another room. We don't let me vaccilate. only be more careful in future.

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Saturday
22nd Oct

decided by her jaunted: though my promise to pay this
overdraught still remains: she has not sent me any
word tho', & then (comfortable) hope) may keep my
hand intact. Yet I'm glad not to have to buy
Expensive clothes. An odd little kink in my mind, which
I can't unravel. I daresay this will make
interesting reading to me one of these days, should) recollect
free memoir. As I stood shyishly near front
when Colefax came to see me yesterday.
I dared I wish only done with you & my
walk. Dreary, dreary in a cab destroy my
illusions. Jerk me for one commonness to
another. I'll done unto you as you do to me?
Wherever are I am. Now this was logical &
sensible: marking the heritage modern conditions
& R. has it. The angels — that her ambition is
to preserve aveleseithes. So is my ambition.
It boils down to doing work I. in day clothes
Also to buy wherewithal a burden to some this.
What I don't promise: but why not explore
this - possibility giving the first world from a
new angle. I think it fits in with my
general scheme at present. Then I say
Pray Helen: keep my respectance. And
we're lunching early to go to Hampton Court,
after a long journey - not port prattle - at
R - the Brewers Arms. I'm interested,
though the drudgery is intense — specific
& general outline. But we shall see. As this
does the debacle in words that the money

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Sunday
Oct 30th

Words, words, words, so many — so many — That I think is the vocalisation of my bitter sensation this morning. I am tired of writing. At least it is a dead life when for some reason one has an intermittence of feeling. Perhaps there is due to the jerk of 2 days at Brit: & then straight back, yesterday, from tepid warmth & Tuscan blue to London, dense with all the W's at Redan's Club. Then was Lord Spencer's house. I sat next Marion & Harold & said almost exactly what I said today a year ago. These reunions are rather like shows of old clothes. Reds & Celia & Sylvia all stouter: a room. Mrs W: bejewelled, upheld by a new belt. "Words" refer partly to Vita's new poem, Solitude: Does it jab at the nerve? Certainly like most "suave & sumptuous" Serpent there!, a good deal now. no doubt I'm at an angle, as May. I don't want reflections on God: nor do I altogether forget her superficial view of 38: that she never troubled to think out what I meant. This is partly personal; partly not. Mrs Jardine hailed me as the sole prelude. The young are ready 38: as a revelation. I let her explain. It seemed to explain to her what we're doing. She gave me Thomas Mann. who does the same. Now I see never contemplated that duality in 38. Xena away slightly rasps me. Shame we

Circumference: only my inviolable Centre: & to wit. He
has been offered £500 by Dolbany Terra back in
Cr. His play will be read by the Group. Stephen S.
thinks it a roaring comedy & very original.
I should like to be just quite this: am more -
more denatured with modern life: a the
Cubism thereof: Envy hamlet: yet what
that I must create myself upon people to
get my verse "word" dried up. To clerk
tomorrow to meet Mac ee: a C. Isherwood
Come to. I think I shall read Chaucer: &
Such poetry concurrently with French prose.
But I'm word haunted. The uglimen of the W's
in middle last night rashed me: & their
complete lack of - what? Something I shall
find at Libby? I wonder. Fire at
Marseilles: Parliament meeting: & the L. rat in
Devl. C R in Pelican. Asked to write a
story for Harper. Also to give a book to
the Oxf. Univ. Press. Hugh writes. A
great deal on foot. Word word a word
word but. apple tart. An evening alone.

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Tuesday
Nov 1st

May like a Cheshire Cat. Orbicular. Jowls.
Blue eyed. Eyes slow vague. Something like
Bruce Richmond — all curves. What he said was,
I've never been in a group. No, not even as a
young man. It was a nervous fault. When you're
a young man you ought to think "There only one
right way." And I thought — Che is very
profound, but you mayn't value it "I take all
root to make a wood." I was outside all
the group. Now dear Roger Fry who liked me,
was a born leader. No one is "illuminated".
He looked at. Never saw anyone look at so much.
I heard him lecture, on the Aesthetics of Art.
I was disappointed. He kept on turning the pa-
turning the Page.... Hampstead heart set been
spoilt. I staged at Jack Strawn Castle some years ago.
My wife had been having influenza. And the
barmaid, looking over her shoulder said — to my
wife had had influenza twice — "Are
Quite a Greedy one aren't you?". Now that's
immortal. Marie ah the ra ra of
barmaids in that. I suppose I've been
ten times into Public houses. Clive Moore
never used her eyes. He never knew when me —
woman think he doesn't ah out of book.
Ah I was afraid you would remind me of
Ave atque Vale — Yes. That beautiful. Yes, it
free he used his eyes then. Otherwise it
like a lonely lake, with no fish in it.
The Brook Herrith... Coulson
Kernahan? (I told him C K. Hopped me in
Hastings. Are you Edith Atwell? No. Mrs W.
And yr? Coulson Kernahan.) At the Mex

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Gobbled. Instantly said he had known him in Iceland
Book days. He wrote God & the Ant. Sold 12
million copies. And a book of reminiscences. How
I visited Lord Roberts... The postman rose from
his chair. His eyes – were they hazel? were they
blue? were they brown? – no they were just
Wilde's eyes.. And he wrote, Celebrities I have
not met. Mrs Beerbohm. I gave him Othello's
ring. "I only know he superficially – was the
happy. He quarrelled – Elgar (whatever
Mr Pig name is: the fiddler. Worcestershire.
Othello quarrelled. Your obituary was lovely.
Did he indeed. Very fair up? Ugh. Has strange habits or
Can they work, Lady Eglantyne... has raised
the standard of heaven...
about her own writing: dear Lytton Strachey
said to me first I write one sentence: this I write
another. Mark how I write. And so I go on.
But I have a fairly worthy ought to be like
running through a field. That your way.
Now how do you go down to your room, I
after breakfast – what do you feel?
used to look at the clock. I say oh dear me. it's
time I began my article.... No. I'll read
the paper first. I never wanted to work.
But I used to come home from a dinner
party & take my brush & draw
Caricature after caricature. They seemed to
bubble up from here... he pressed his
stomach. That was a kind of
inspiration. I suppose. what you said

re your beautiful essay about me — Charles Lamb was
quite true. He was crazy. He had the gift... genius.
I'm two like Jack Horner. I pick out my plums. It's two
rounded, two perfect... 1500 — Oh I'm famous, largely thanks to you, —
people of importance at the top like you.
I often read over my own work. And I have a habit of
reading it through the eyes of people I respect. I
often read it as Virginia Woolf would read it —
picking out the kind of thing you would like. You
never do that? Oh you should try it.
Somerset Maugham came in: like a dead man whose
beard a moustache has grown a little after
death. And his lips are
drawn back like a dead man. He has small
secret eyes. A look of suffering a malignity.
meanness. suspicion. A mechanical voice
as he had to press a lever at each word —
Stephen talk into something had cut
measured. talked as seldom. his
Conscious. He thinks his soul a Gerald Heard'
soul are one soul. May said he had been
taught by Leonard Huxley at Charterhouse.
Poor fellow, so distinguished, so cultivated... and
they ragged him. And I would picture the
interview with the headmaster. I am so glad
that you are finding a large scope for your
abilities. getting rid of him. And I could
imagine the charming fellow, newly married to a
delightful young lady as a. better.
M. never imagined in that way. Just like a
animal in a trap: a like a steel trap.
And I couldn't say anything that would let
dead man down. He wanted touching

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analytical statement about Gerald Heard's character.
Gill has been very kind to me, he said. and she needed
kindness. But I want to know: do you think he has—
I think he wanted to know if she were a feminine person:
but I couldn't get my mind to her. Then the
Bo went: a Mr Beauchamp, in a
smart overcoat (the more double breasted blue kind)
Carries a black cane with a white bulldog head a
top. Do you know how Carpal Tunnel to say
Sybil? before I came in, to warn her. Lest
She might be angry. What an Obscure
Max has become!"
Sherwood I met on the doorstep. She is a
Kipling girl with quick restless eyes.
Keppel. Jockeylike. That young man,
David W. Mayhew "holds the future of the
English novel in his hands." very enthusiastic
In spite of Major Bulwana, a coloniser, who
he completely realises, a does not overstep,
She was a Turkish Envoy: and proved,
because I found I could not smoke the
Cigar which they brought. That was in the
Deepest level. All kept to the same surface
Level by Dibgy's Lobsterscript. Stores.
Compliments. The house: its shell like
whites + velvets + greens: its panelling: its old
furniture. And Lord Bow: a Lord de la Warr.
We are going back at 6 Sudeley St
after lunch. a freehold house, costing £7,500.

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so many pages, I see about the Colefax party, & none about the reluctant dream here. I see my old image - Tryg to drink a cup of tea, & having it knocked out of my hand. Spender, a Jew; then to Hugh Walpole, Elizabeth & Lytton. Then Helen (a Tutendey, my only day's relaxation) followed by Adrian...

I am a utter muddle: spending my money wantonly & Bragrably for America in order to pay off Bahar debts. To it seems. My £150 has been sent; given (without; & I must replace it. I feel I may not have the chance in a year or two. We have reach the pinnacle where I needn't make money — Shall I say generously? or owing to my impulsiveness? Helen came - oh Jo - no doubt she wants the money was desperate, evidently, & I decided not to give it. To) gave it. Voila qui est fait, as Mme de Sevigne says. To school my ugly agent silly penitence, instantly then £5.10 in a very charming pocketbook. And shall buy a dinner this afternoon. But my brain racked by biography won't describe life; or analyse the tendency. Tomorrow. Jane were very happy. I mean, paying the debt to Roger. Then the reaction. Retaliation. Then the reproaches - Mary clamour. So I clog my toes in: & on the one hand buy furniture; on the other make money. A letter from Duncan. Complete blue at Cassis. has a country life in view. Angelica pregnant. Vita the weather today. Jews pleasanter. only just over the channel. Here we feel a faint heat under us, like potatoes frying. But no more than that. I have vow to see no one till Vita on Thursday.

Wednesday 15th Nov.

I did not buy the News. We canvassed into Rose Macaulay, in incredibly thrush, hair twisted Jezebel, dealing with her car at a garage. She never sent us. I like these unseen visions. Then I walked to Selfridge's to attend all the Parks, followed two perfect gnadmen. A soft remote blue ceiling spoke over the Park. My one great evening since Thursday. Read Chaucer & began Letter G. E. a very funny article. Idea hotted up. but I want to write fiction, my wrists off, not more hard highbrow prose. Tonight we dine with Clive. Shiel Sands perhaps. Fixed for Tuesday last night I should say. I am determined not to be a means provided: to have a cozy thing or end. Otherwise I cannot go on lending money; taxing money made to lend money; writing books in order to please Nessa & Ha & Helen: no I must obey my instincts & do the things I think my own ends. And so left L. & walked across the park: this was an end. not a passage way to this that & the other. What end shall I make this afternoon? Very foggy which obscures the sun— might have gone to Cecil Torr. I shall read Lewis's Chaucer & so gain an hour or two before tea— Then I'll go to the London Library: Many butterflies & letters. This Egon feared. In & Liberty attends a Mrs Morgades.

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16th Nov.

There are very few mountain summit moments.
I mean, looking out at peaks from a height.
I made this reflection from certain: Thaten Egyptologist
I'm "from upstairs" now, when I write Biography.
Shall I have a moment on top? Or when I die
Rye? or tonight, in bed, between 2 & 3?
They come spasmodically - the when I am so
unaware about the place.
Viola Tree died last night, of pleurisy: 2 years
younger than I am
I remember the pinkish yellow hair: like an
apricot; a few amber coloured hairs. Eyes
blackened with paint underneath. A huge
Goddess woman, who was also an old
Judge; a bejewelled studied figure; much jetsam,
flotsam. Last time I saw her at the Savoy
Cocktail; when she was in her abundant
Expansive mood. I never reached any other: yet
always liked her. Met her perhaps
once a year, about the books. The dinner here
the night her Cattle in Spain came out. And
I went to tea in Wobern Sq. - the butler was
wrapped in a silver shape and there was an
Italian doubled in the drawing room.
He was instructive; & had the charm
of good ashen manners; & their
Bohemianism, & sentimentality. But
I think was a sterling spontaneous
mother & daughter; not ambitious;
Great hand at life; I suppose harassed
for money; extravagant; & very bold: -
Comerton - a maker of pectrugine

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surroundings. To Henry - Lazy, that she had been loved to be so: yet no doubt understood that earth, with Eastbourne: drink? I don't know. She could transmit something into words. Her daughter Virginia to be married this week. And that of Violet Eyre dead. How out of place - unnecessary.

Dinner at Clives. Janie tackey out. Like a bird that began to flutter a heck. wants to be off? Afterwards we all talked: about Jews: about Clive's lunch party with Hedy Maugham & de la Mare: what are the best books for the illiterate: then about being Jews: then about technique: the word broken in the Bible; Lucas passages. a confused argument about technique: wh. Janie defined I don't know. Anyhow she spoke up. a symptom of revolt from the elderly? She left when we did. Clive looking down from his drawing room window. The leaves fluttering in January.

Friday Nov 18th

Leonard has a rash on his back: dreaded it was the result of the prostate: sent for Ran: who says no its from new pyjamas: taken a camphi dismisses Ida as practical about such. he was so positive - & the result of all this is, I was all a edge with Vita yesterday. - still Clive's & the telephone rings, Oh that Ran to say the streamer is impure. But there is no menace - 12.45. And yet my money has been spilt. I can't refer to hopefully yet intend to finish it by Monday. The old wound & last January's anguish has made me irritable. We are off to M.H. on a melting blue day, for this autumn is unparalleled - a summer heat. Vita Eastbourne about robberies.

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Mersay
Nov. 22nd

I meant to write Rothenstein any perticulars as a writer.
I dont want to read Dante; have to memorise over from
Wharncy Latham: Lapsmoor, a story written I think
at Ashcham 20 years ago a mere: when I was
writing Nights Day perhaps.
That a long stretch. And apparently I've been
Exalted to a very high position, say about 10 years ago:
When was decapitated by W Lewis. Mrs
Hem: am now I think — let me see — any date, I
Cosmo; not a patch, with the young, on Morgan:
Get wrote the Waves; Get am unlikely to
write anything good again: am a Secondrate
& likely, I think, to be discarded altogether.
I think that my public reputation at the
moment. Has Hard Cayley or Connolly
Cocktail Criticism: a Heap of feathers on the
wind. How much do I mean? Less than
I was expected. But then of course, at all
Ten than I realised. I mean, I never thought
was so famous: so dont feel the decapitation.
Get it true that after the Waves, or Flush,
Something I think bound me out. W.d.
attacked me. I was aware of an active
opposition. Yes I used to be pleased by the
young & attacked by the elderly. 3 G.
has pierced the petch. For the Gen Young
& the Venerables both attack that. And
my own friends have cast me to
Coventry over it. Young position is
Ambiguous. Undoubtedly Morgan's
reputation is much higher than my own.
Do is Toms. Well? In a way

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24th Nov

It is a relief. I'm fundamentally, I think, an outsider. I do my best work & feel most traced with my back to the wall. It's an odd feeling though, working against the current: difficult entirely to disregard the current. Yet my course I shall. And it remains to be seen whether I'm in P.H. In any case I have my critical brain to fall back on. But how widely I feel outside it all: entrapped by the Morgan Communist group. And I know, I think, my faults. This is not the measured criticism you (Norman) meant to write. I'm not able to do deeply. For here the usual stir & bother — Nena back tomorrow. Flossie ill: am I to go Hunting? & so on. A wild west Sunday; a walk to Moggey: no Gluckin; alone: & thank heaven, no message whatever from Ran: & all that strain was gratuitous. One odd reflection: how much anguish I wasted last January: had I only known then that it would be dispersed thus —

Yes & when Nena came back, whom I so much wanted to see, the old irritation about Helen bubbled up, & walked all through Pimlico Park this afternoon, telling over & over the story again & again. I wonder why. Why the incidents seem empty & endless: & I seem for ever climbing the endless stairs; forced; unhelped; unthanked; a mere slave to house-hard-work. That I may destroy — or is the word too big for what is probably some superficial reaction; part the old jealousy of Nena's children is it? And then oh the bore of writing articles to make money!

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Friday
25th Nov

L's birthday. 58? But I open this, to note, at the foot of the last pessimistic page, in 2 minutes. The fact that pessimism can be routed by getting into the flow: creative work. A passage in Rico I. came right. Lytton Strachey incredibly empty-charming, pending. Cold fear standing behind my eye. Became right. I'm Woolf. Work me, when pessimistic; Dandle the brain a little, until it gets into its circuit? A fine cold day. Le's birth day.

28th Nov.

More brain churning to add a passage to L.L. & all my courage needed. Then R's letter to his father. I can work my brain. To that all night. And one of these days I shall be off working what I like. To Hampstead suddenly fog: thought; terror; never want to suddenly obliterated. Turned, walked at Hampstead. Dense as silver. An English Turkey. Duncan Grant; Argumentative, persistent, challenging as usual Lawrence.. re. amazing.

30th Nov.

I think it would be a relief to write a free sentence here, after so much churning: And so much setting in. Let me count the people at Asylum, silent-reserved, took my free Monday evening. On Monday, I went to Ethel Sands' Did my tricks in front of Jay Reddy. Letter Duncan. Shaw Taylor: ashen coloured heap of ashes, that home. Fine, silver, suffocating.

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Sally, a smudge, talked & Barbara; then Ann & Richard: Sally
stayed till 12.30. On Wednesday, Mary at 4,
Richard Hughes at 5: Colefax at 6: went to
see the moon at Elizabeth Wellington Observatory,
& did not see it. Tonight Vita. Tomorrow M.H.
Is it wonderful that I reach my age &
can claim we have left the Ross – have written
country? John is making scenes. Thea adds to the
strain. Jum red & gobble. So what the poultry
hoping for a balmy & fruitful future? A very
bad season – No sales. Can I afford ds £40
casper? Regret Helen £150: but I'm a little
pressed that I made myself write the story & the
article in two weeks: & started Roger yesterday. But
I have lost the thread. Must find him real anymore.
Chasing & dusky meaney. Shall work at him
till April now. And then resting head.

Sunday
11th Dec.

A few scattered notes.

We walked back from 12th night (delightfully) in
a clear cold night. Talked of death in Russell Sq.
L. said he had taught himself not to think about it.
2 or 3 years ago fear of death became an obsession.
I said I should not wish to live when dead. But
while there was life what? Exactly? Yes I think so.
He agreed. So we don't think of death.

His came from David Cecil account of
Vermont: who has an ideal type: his old
mother dead; & then can't remember hearing
from accusations; how he is wrongfully a
"we" are: the English presumably.

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very long hours of semi-drudgery on R. the war years.
I want to sum up my 3 G: Conclusions, had I time &
brain before the end of the year.

How horribly the year began! As a result, I
chose a day soon to celebrate what I embarked —
2 is nervous illness. All that blown away.
The rash is caused probably by Dally's hair
Mrs W: has had a heart attack. But her
vitality may again pull her over. The
fuss obsess her. My private nagging to
Com a word for the bone one gnaws at odd
moments is Helen taking £150 of me with
which to inflate sympathy to sympathy addict.
But that's unfair. But then one is unfair at
2 in the morning. This autumn reveals plainly
our 'celebrity': that is, that we never get a day
to ourselves; & extract a constant stream, from all
Quarters. Political, social, literary. I suppose that is
deliciously pleasing. I wonder. 4 months in Wales
field work cool me down. Biography
work not much tax on the higher faculties
as I perhaps thd. not each way rather
doubtful gifts in that time. The young
all swarm, even as they criticise. And I'm
working in Rose Macaulay, Tom Eliot
Marion Reed, the Robsons, &
Ethel Smyth — all this week: a heinl
What I thd - does the morning then for Roger
& not scribble, in a hand so worn
with working it hardly writes, any longer.

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Monday
12th Dec.

Rather a debauched Sunday evening at Alwes last night.
Was he drunk? He was so quarrelsom &
peevish after dinner. A long tirade against motorcars.
Suddenly Stella interrupted & said "This
Conversation is so foolish we'd better
change it." But Clem wd'nt change it.
Every change had its head snapped off. Waved
Cecil decided: Lytton books dynamite?
Shopping Rope & Lytton & how we used to talk
Sunday evening. Now all personal
Jumps & Theirs tedious backerings &
Calculated with his rash. Inspectors only passed
I do no pun. He limped round Hamm
Park. Very gloomy today. Fini
weather — that all that can be said
in favour of the moved my mind at
R. Wrights & unscrupulous. 2 days
awaiting the transition Jazz after 1918.

Thursday
15th Dec.

This is hell: Black Calcutta hole week. Lunch Rita
Monday Angelica. Tuesday Rou. Wednesday to meet Van
to meet Hank: after dinner to Wellsians to meet Van
Dekabetts; Freud & G. W. Thursday Jane tonight
Tomorrow G. Brown, Robert. Cal. Market. Sheet
Music; Saturday Robson: Sunday Tom — &
why?
But I have invented a very good Scheme:
putting weight on enjoyment not duty.
I think it works. I am going to
make out a private budget for the New Year.
Clothes: presents; &c. & see how it

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with give me more money to spend lawfully on myself.
Last year I gave away £20 to Mena; £8 to Ka Chan:
£100 to Amelia; bought them Dr. Pearson £30:
Ch. table 5: Tales £10: Mervyn £15: lent H. 150.
Sophie £10 That (roughly counted) makes

20	£348 Given or lent, with a
8	
100	philanthropic element; or in the
30	
5	cat-object. She must control.
10	
15	I must continue A's 100. &
158	
10	Sophie £10. but draw in the other
348	miscellaneous items. No rental

Communions anymore. But how much on
Dress & pocket money & house-feminity?
Charity? And I with forecasting my income.
H.B. (London) "like" A.A. but want
Commit themselves till they hear from Dares.
I suspect they won't take it.

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Monday
Dec. 19th

I write this the last morning - for tomorrow will be an arduous scramble - in summing up the year. True, there are 10 days or so to run; but the liberty of this week allows them - I was going to say liberties, but my melancholy Cassiena bids me look for another word. That raises some questions: but I leave them: questions about my own work in the art of writing. On the whole the art becomes absorbing - more? no, I think it has absorbing ever since I was a little creature, scribbling a story in the manner of Hawthorne on the green plush sofa in the drawing room at St Ives, while the Groom was fed. The last dinner of the year was to Tom Eliot last night. Physically he is a little mottled faced; sallow & shadowed; but intent (and sane) on the art of writing. His play — Family Reunion? — was the theme of the very bitter cold evening (the snow is now fading: flakes come through my skylight: I am huddled in my red ram jacket, opportunely presently.) What taken him off on 2 years to work, is an adaptation of Murder in Pantry; a new line, with 3 scenes: "I don't seem popular this evening": what do for do we talk of Cancer again" (no: this is not accurate) when the Crisis came, his only thought was amagana that now his play would not be acted. And he hurried up the revision (to David Cecil came to town & divided Melbourne into 2 vols: what applause one should be granted)

Tom said the young don't take art or politics seriously enough. Disappointed in the Auden-Isherwood. He has his grandeur. He said that there are flaws in the new play that are congenital, ineradicable. I respect in the department of humour. He detested the different kinds of influenza: a subtle, pleasing one: a man of simple unbridled, & the artists unfeminine egotism. Dines out - Goes to musical teas: reads poems at

Londonderry house; has a humorous Daudnic sept which
interfales the Epitome: & is on the side of authority. At
via old friends evening. And we did not go to Judith's
party.

This year I have worked at 3 Gs: & began, about 1st April
Roger: whom I have brought to the year 1919. I have
also written Walpole: Lapper Lapenova: & the start of
Bicography. John says that 2 Cabinet ministers are in
favour of giving me the O.M. The other candidate are
Clemena Dane & Dame — the painter who does Cartoons.
To the compliment is not as high as I should like:
though it is true I was the chosen ... I mean, prepared: but
it is only lunch party gossip at Kenneth Clarks.
The reception of 3 Gs. has been interesting, unexpected — only I'm
not sure what I expected. Everyone told.
Not one grey head has mentioned it. My wide
circle has widened. — but I'm altogether in the dark as to
the true merit of the book. Is it? no, I wont even
formulate question: for, it is true, no one has yet
summed it up. Much less unanimity than about
Room of one's own. A suspended judgment upon that
work then seems fitter. I've written two
120 page of Points of Hall. I think of making it a
220 page book. A medley. I rush to it for relief after
a long pressure of Fig Leafs. But when I see a whole
somewhere — I was simply seized, one day, about 4 this,
as a Dangling thread: no notion what page came next.
And then there came. To be written for pleasure.
Money I've summed up: a good resolution:
We shall find the new window in at 14 H. And
it the coldest day for 5 years. How steadily
falling. John temperamental. Another bad one
on Saturday. A very bad season. Probable loss.
Reading Chaucer, Ferrigno & the usual trash books.
2 years more of 52. The new flats going up in
Southampton Row. Clive leaving 50. A last message
from Ottoline this morning. Death this day: Ottoline. Ka:
We recovering